

THE CEREAL KILLINGS

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NUMBER TWO

JAMES STURM



PLUS:

EDIBLE
WRECKS

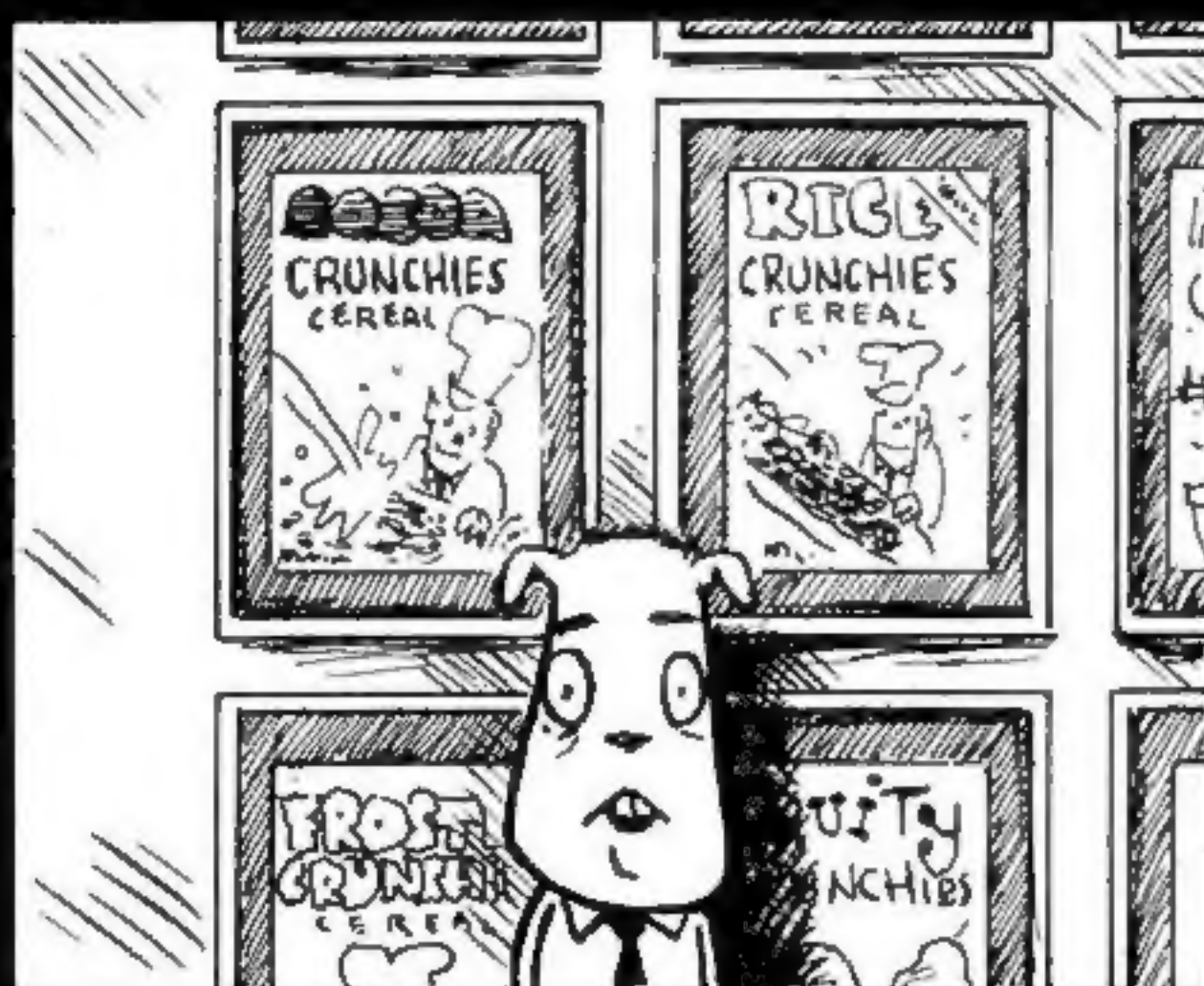


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THE CEREAL KILLINGS

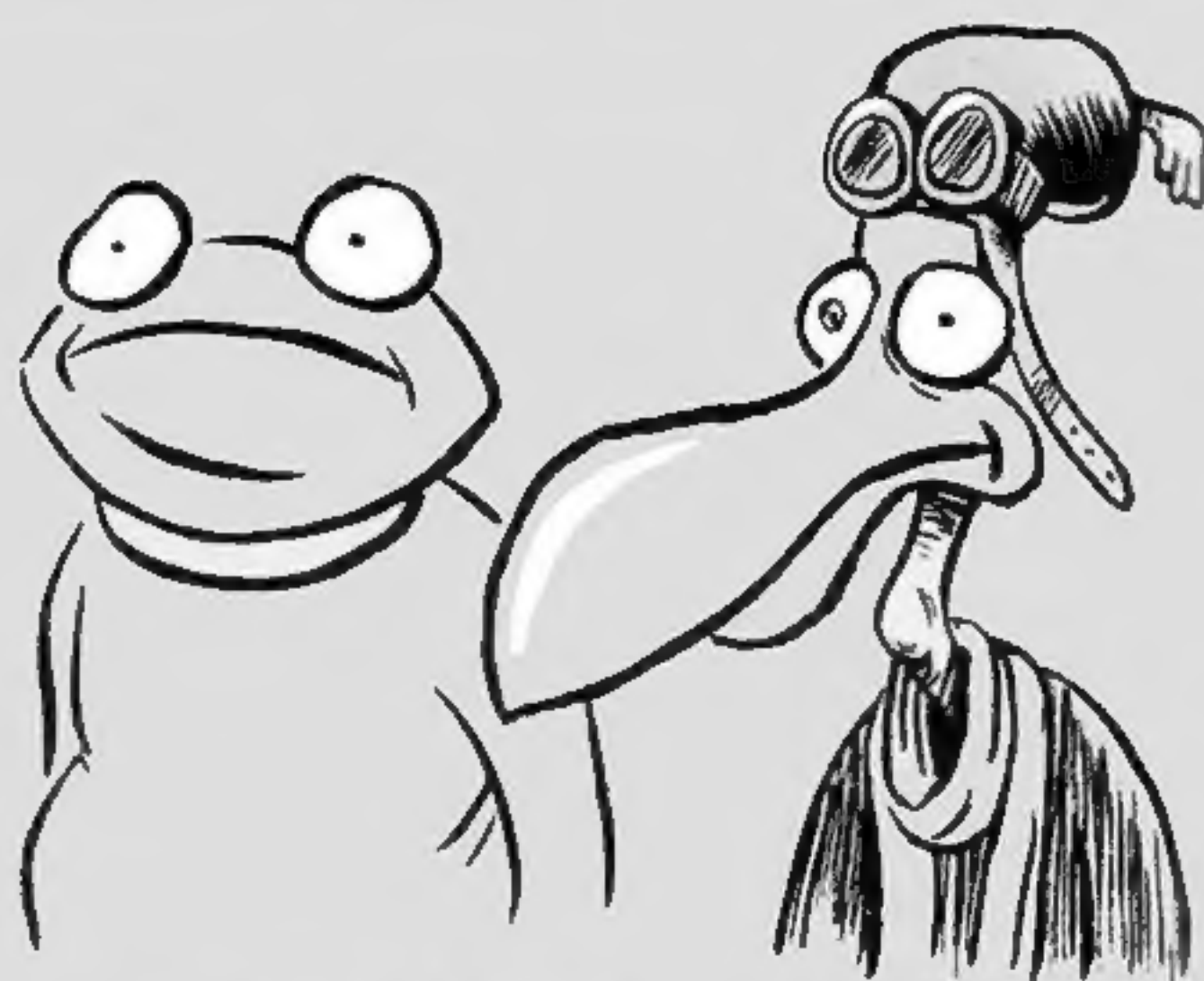
CHAPTER TWO



A DYING BREED

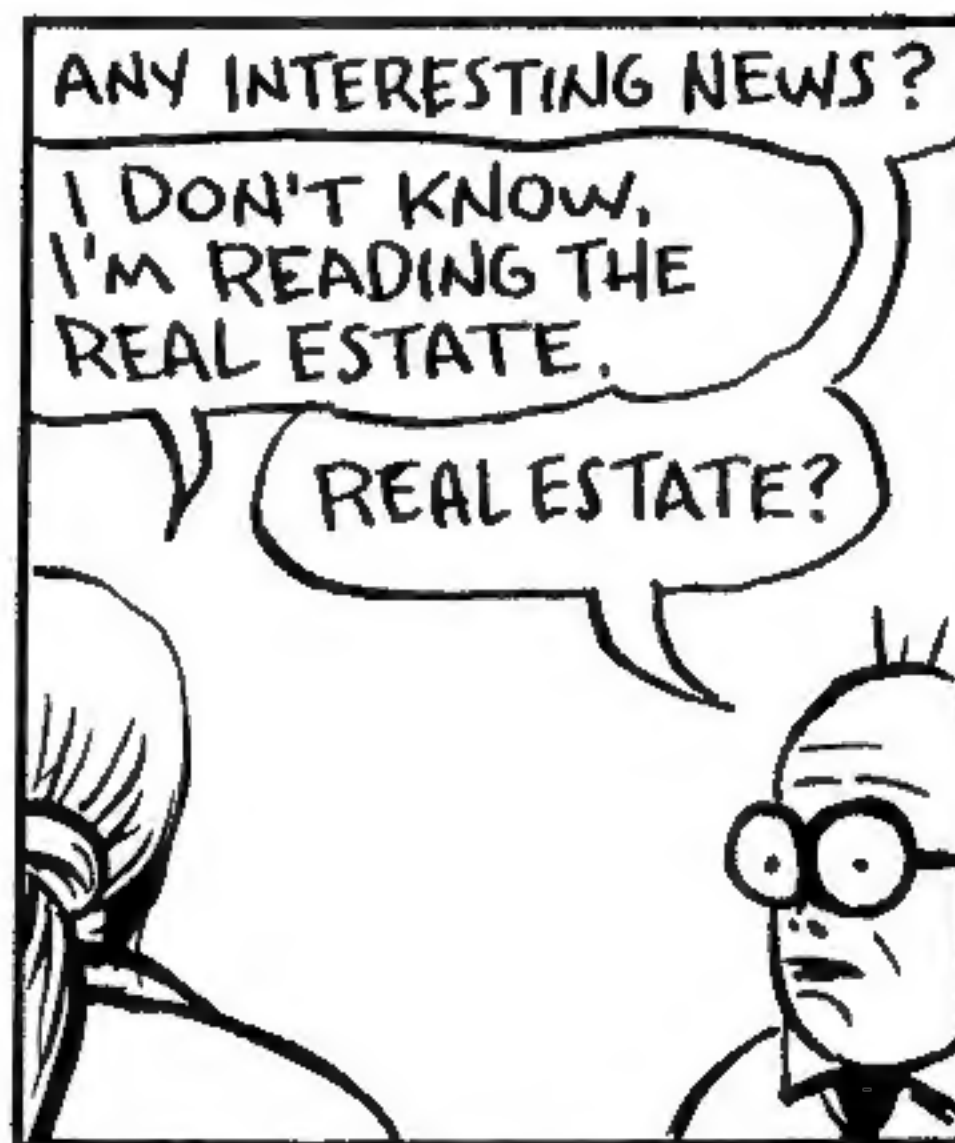
SYNOPSIS:

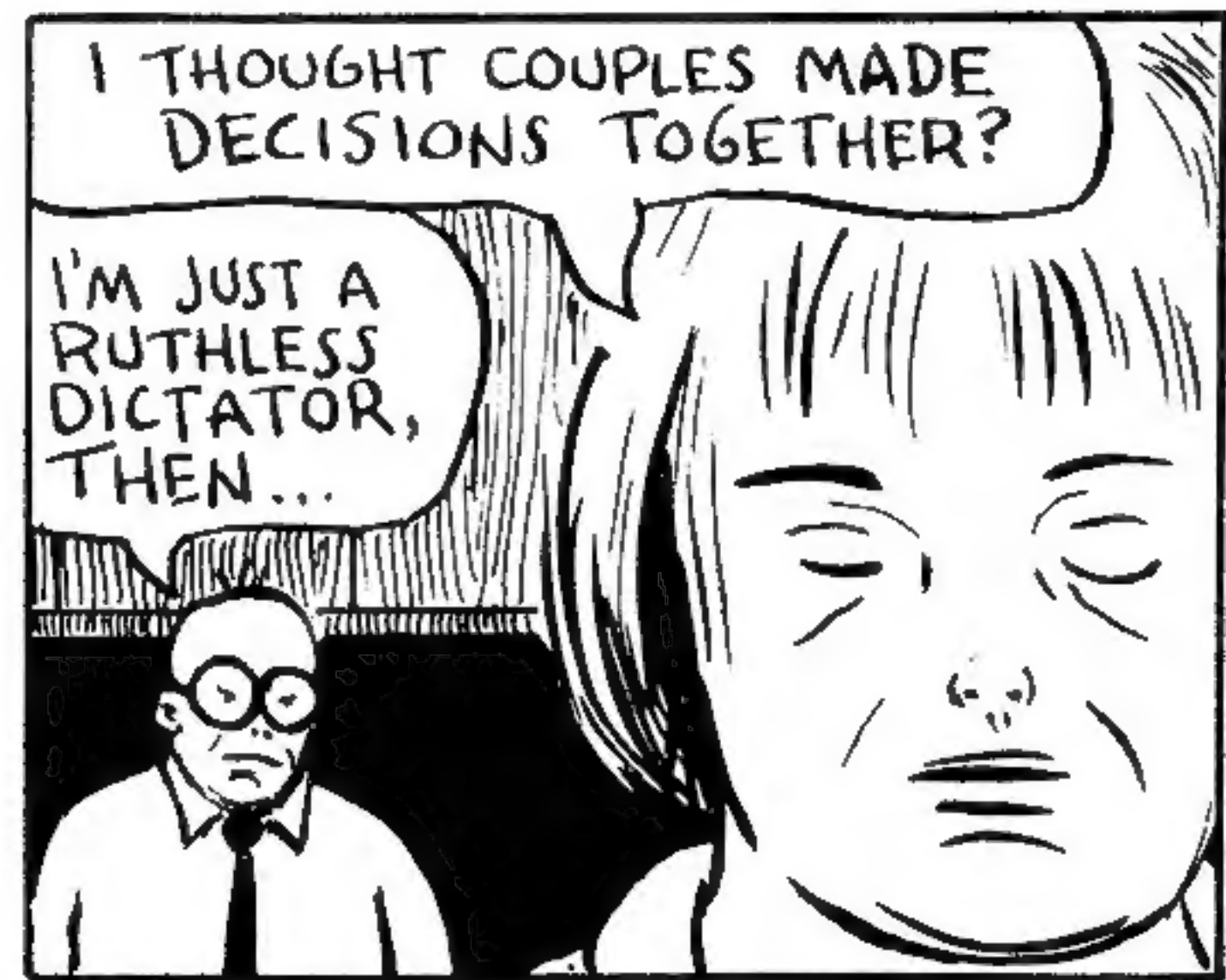
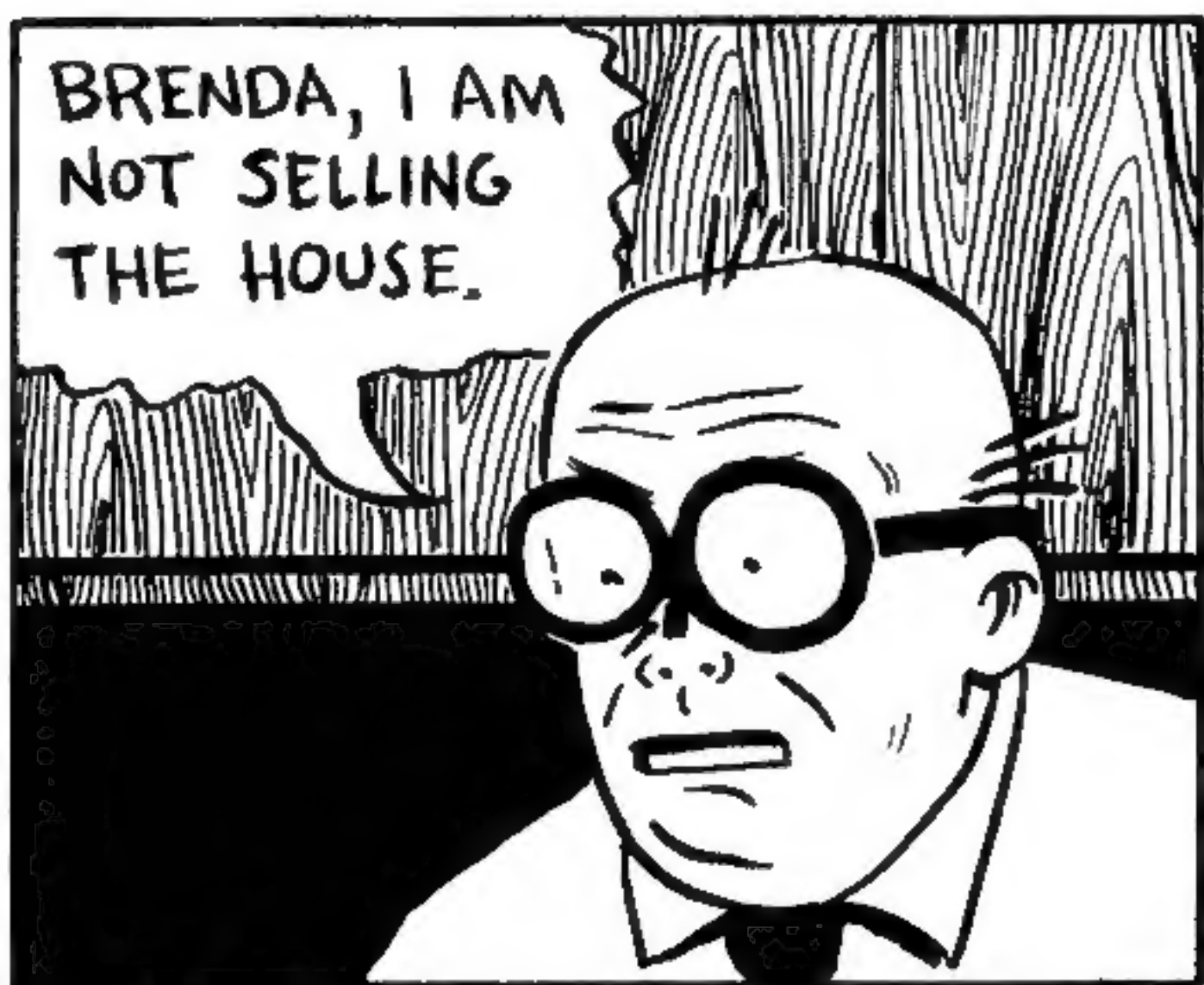
DOUGIE, the frog of Sugar Duds fame, has suffered a fatal heart attack. After his funeral, several of his friends and associates fall to discussing the declining fortunes of the breakfast industry — among them marketing specialist CARBUNKLE, current celebrity BURT THE RABBIT, and SCHMEDLY, an elephant whose day has come and gone. Schmedly links Dougie's death with the recent diabetes-related death of KEILER THE CUCKOO BIRD. Schmedly suggests that perhaps Dougie and Keiler's own less-than-healthy cereals contributed to their demise. Burt bristles at the suggestion, but Carbunkle, who helped guide both Dougie and Keller to cereal success, is uneasy: If it was their cereals that killed them, does this make *him* a cereal killer?...



Cereal Killings #2, June, 1992. Cereal Killings is published quarterly by Fantagraphics Books, Inc., and is copyright © 1992 Fantagraphics Books, Inc. All characters, stories, and art © 1992 James Sturm, except for "Edible Wrecks," © Bob Sikoryak and James Sturm. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or James Sturm. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in Cereal Killings and those of any living or dead persons is intended (except for satirical purposes), and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental. Letters to Cereal Killings become the property of the magazine and are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: April, 1992. Available from the publisher for \$2.25 plus 50¢ postage and handling: Fantagraphics Books, 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115. Send for our free catalogue!

BACK COVER ART: MIKE LANG







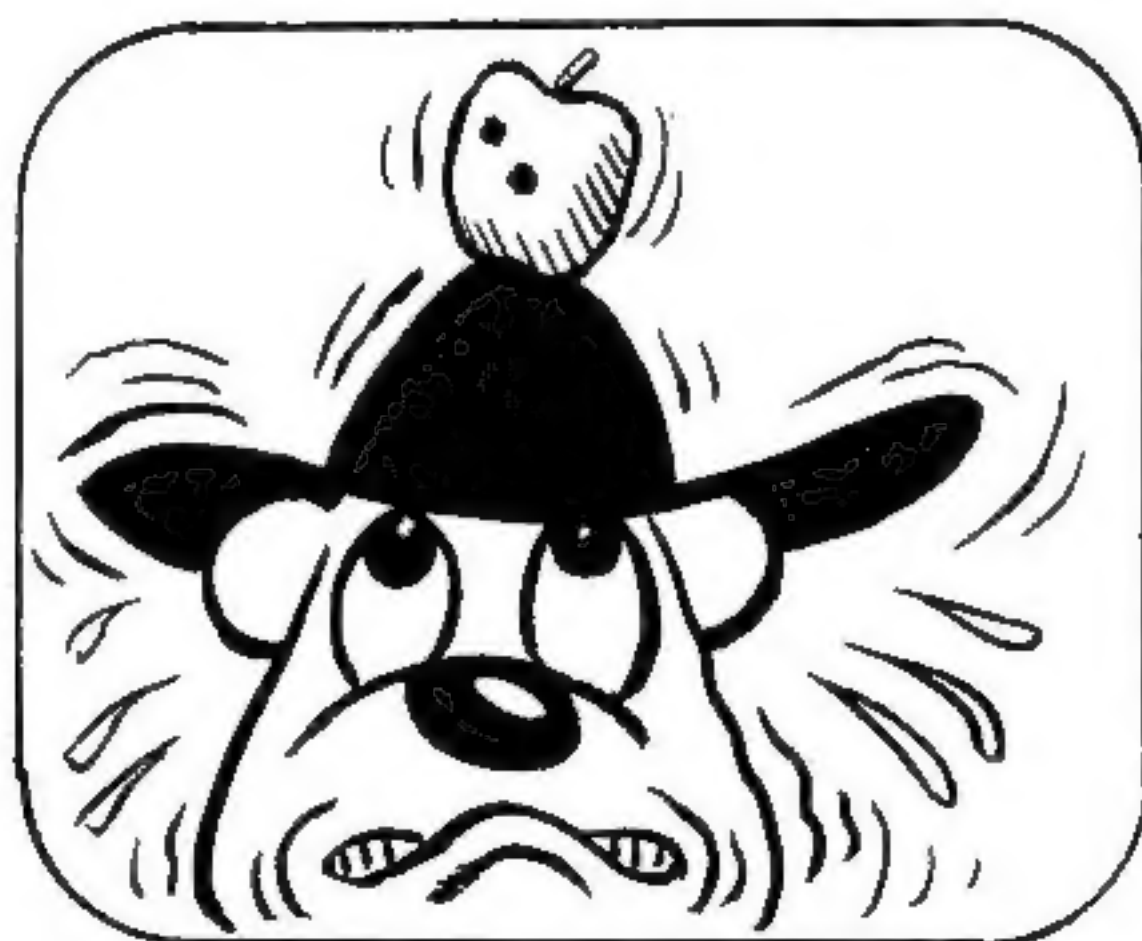
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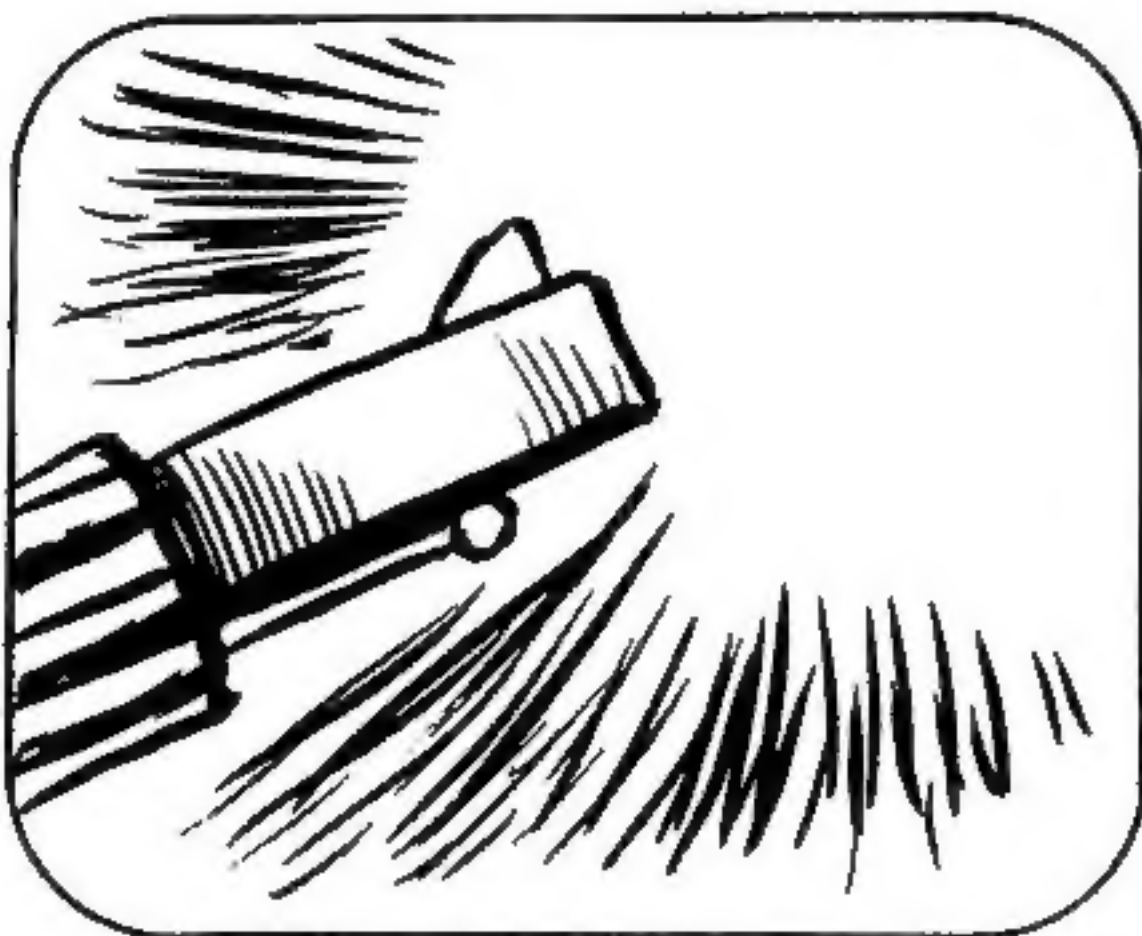
**HEY LOOK! IT'S SURE-
SHOT SHIRLAND!**



**"AND I NEVER MISS, AND IF YOU
DON'T BELIEVE ME, JUST ASK WALDO."**



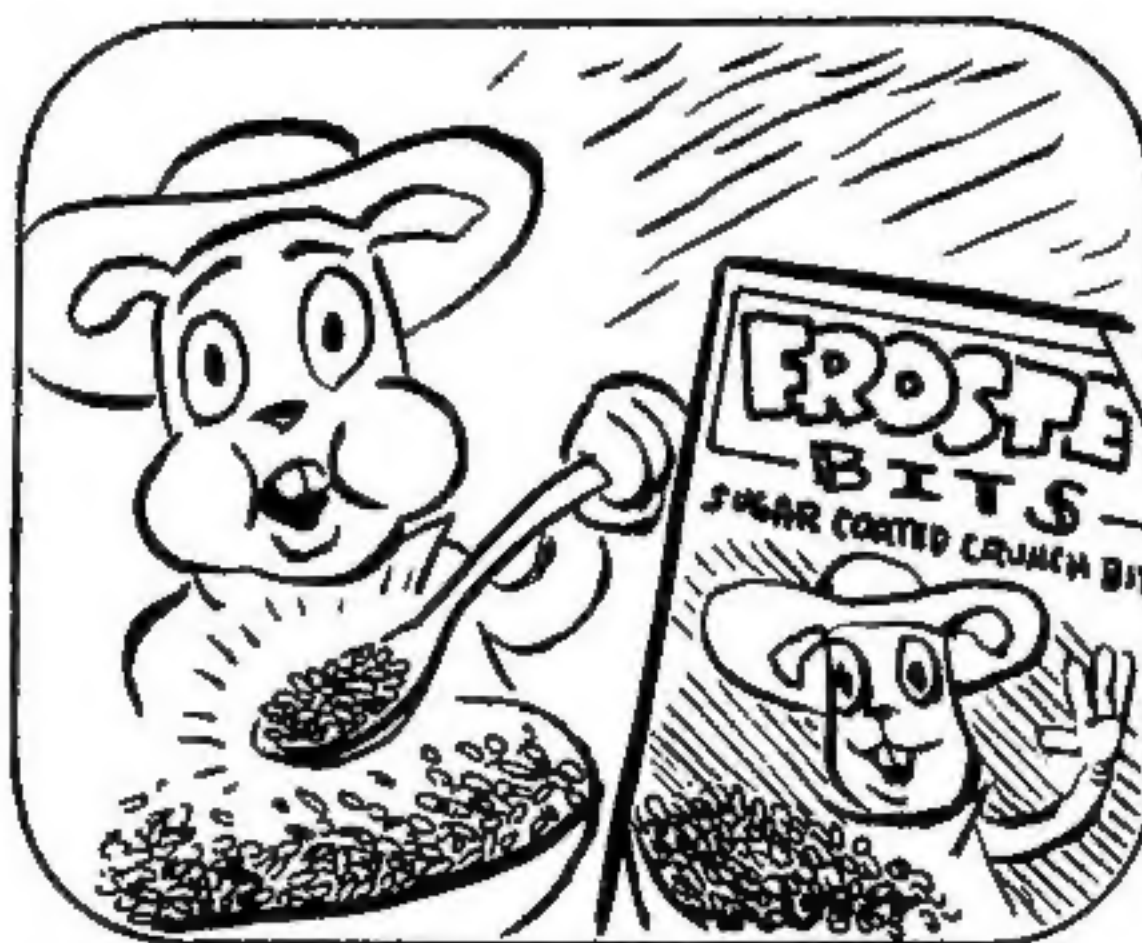
NEVER, SHIRLAND?



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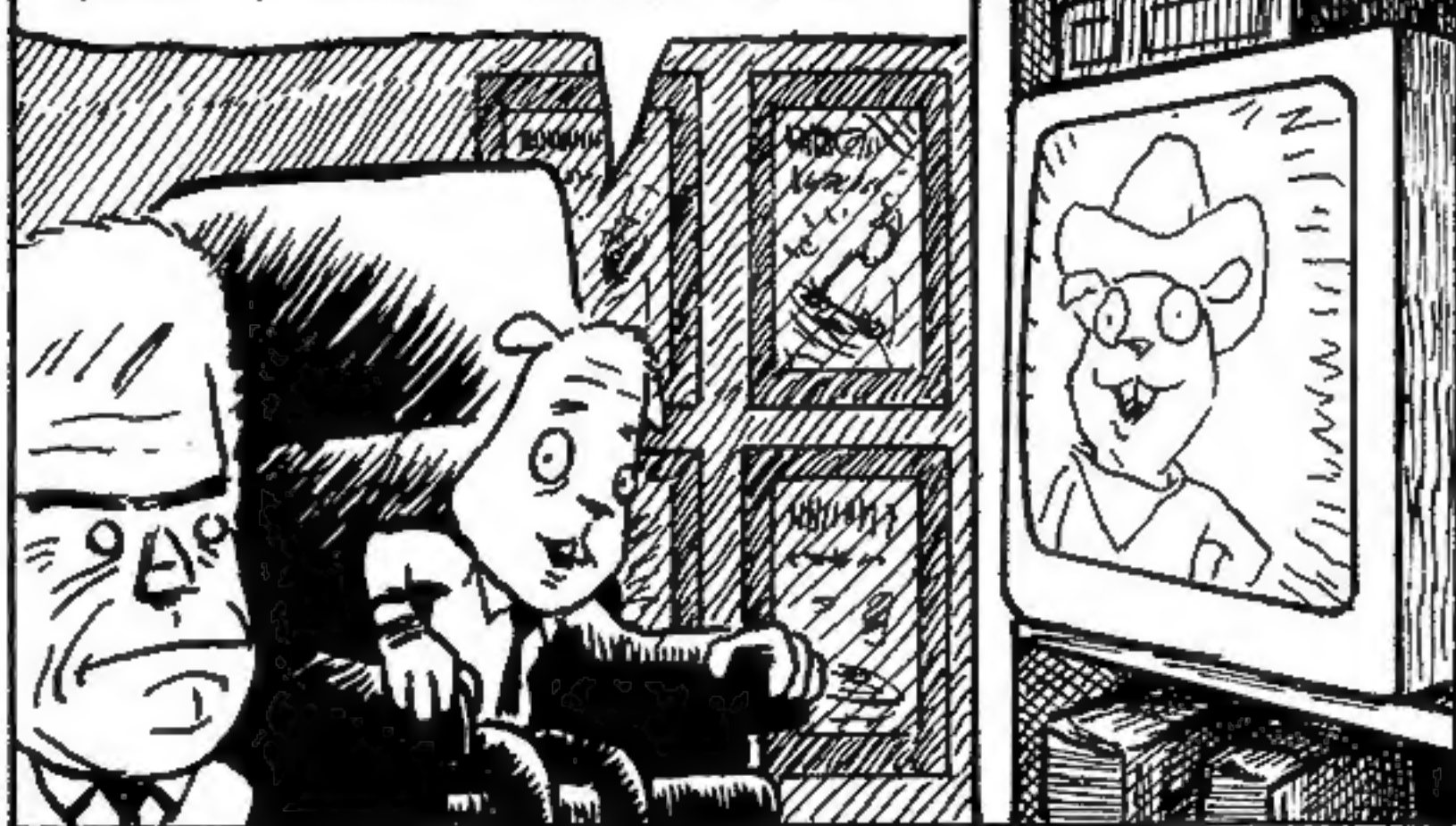


=PLOP=



**"THE GREAT TASTE OF FROSTED
BITS WOULD CAUSE ANYONE TO
MISFIRE."**

THE NEW COMMERCIAL
LOOKS GREAT, SNIP. BET
YOU IT GOES OVER BIG.

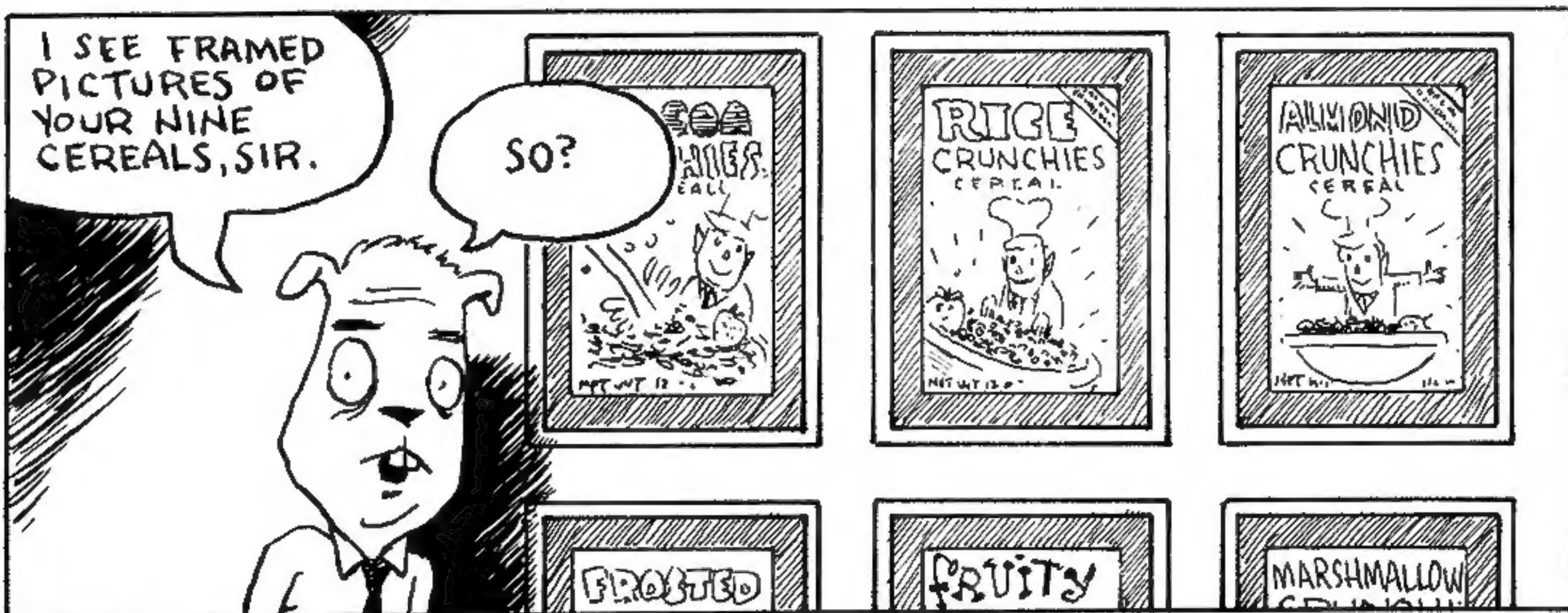


SHIRLAND, LOOK BEHIND YOU
ON THE WALL. TELL ME WHAT
YOU SEE.



I SEE FRAMED
PICTURES OF
YOUR NINE
CEREALS, SIR.

SO?



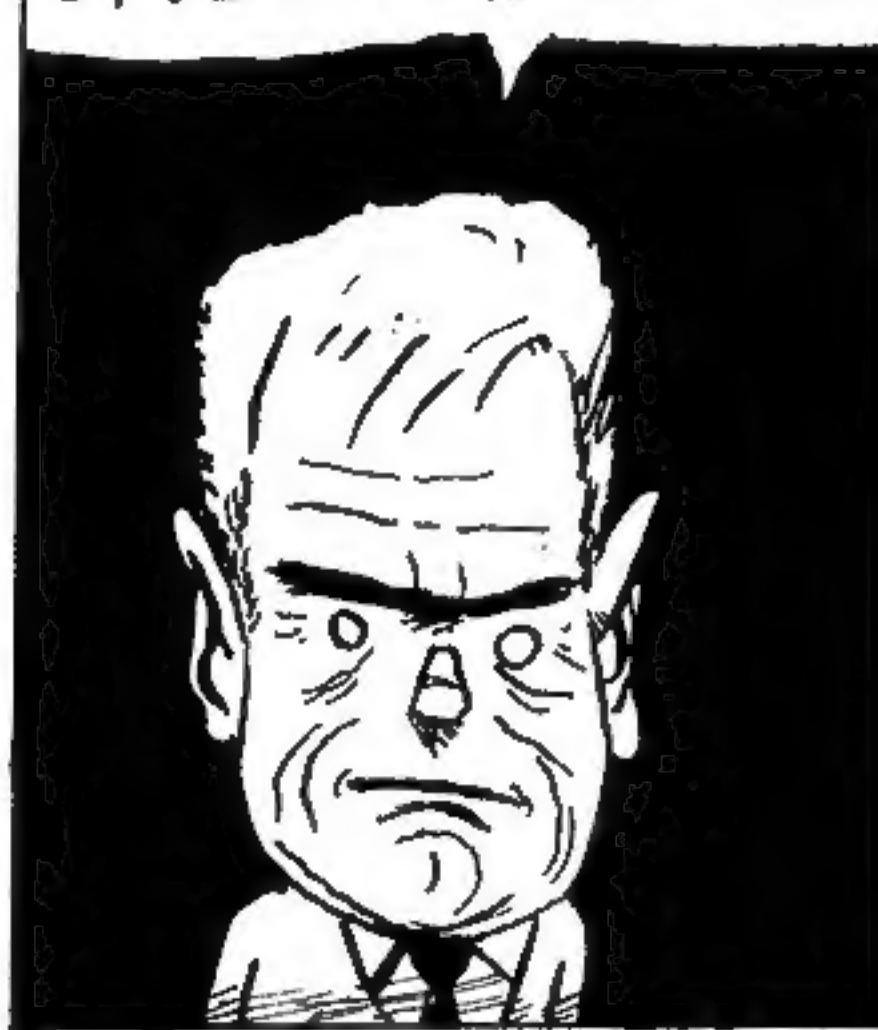
SO IT'S THOSE CEREALS
THAT ARE THE FOUNDATION
OF KELCOG CORPORATION.
THE REASON I
AM ITS PRESIDENT.



THOSE CEREALS PROVE THAT
I AM SUCCESSFUL. THAT I
MAKE GOOD CHOICES.

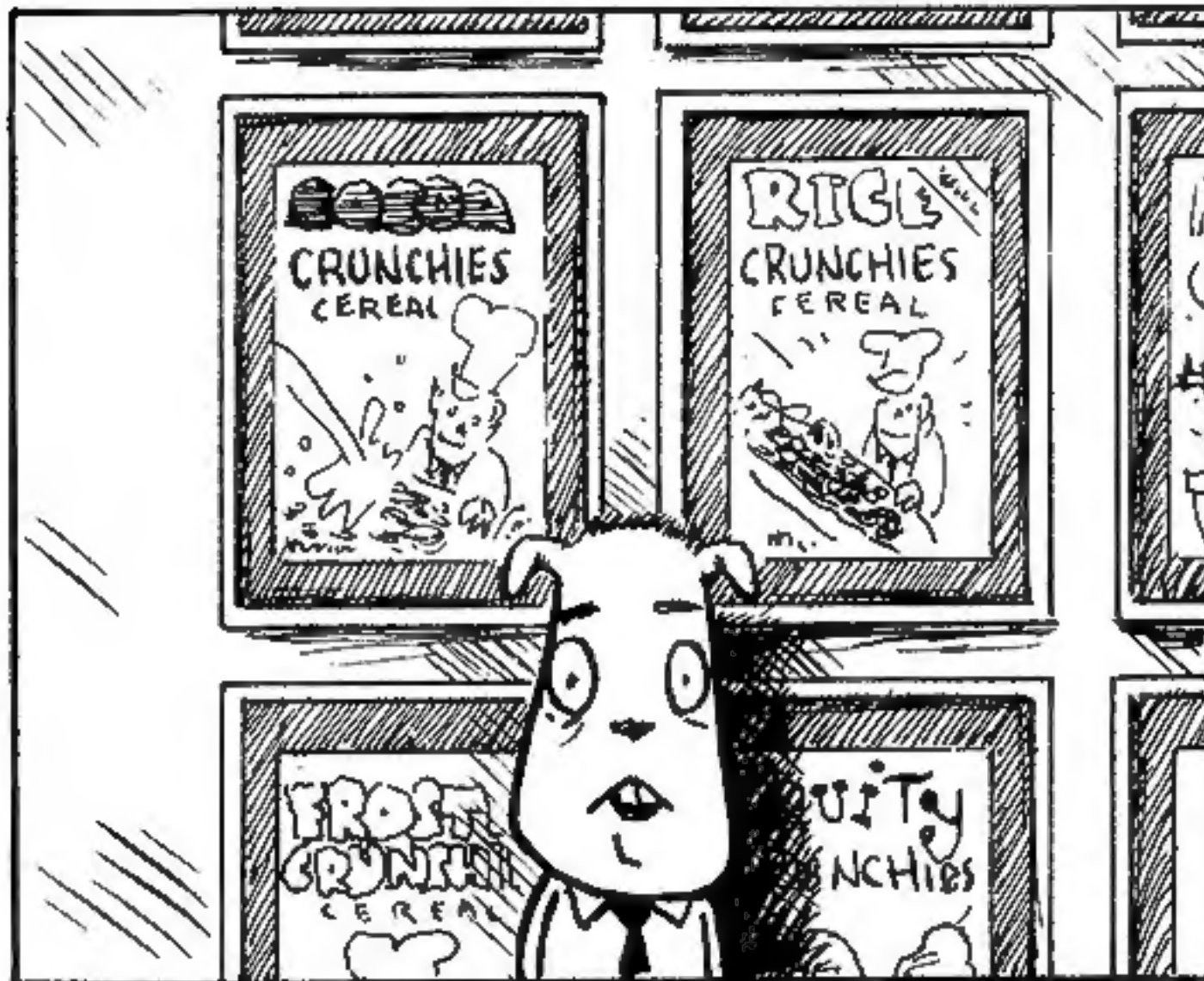


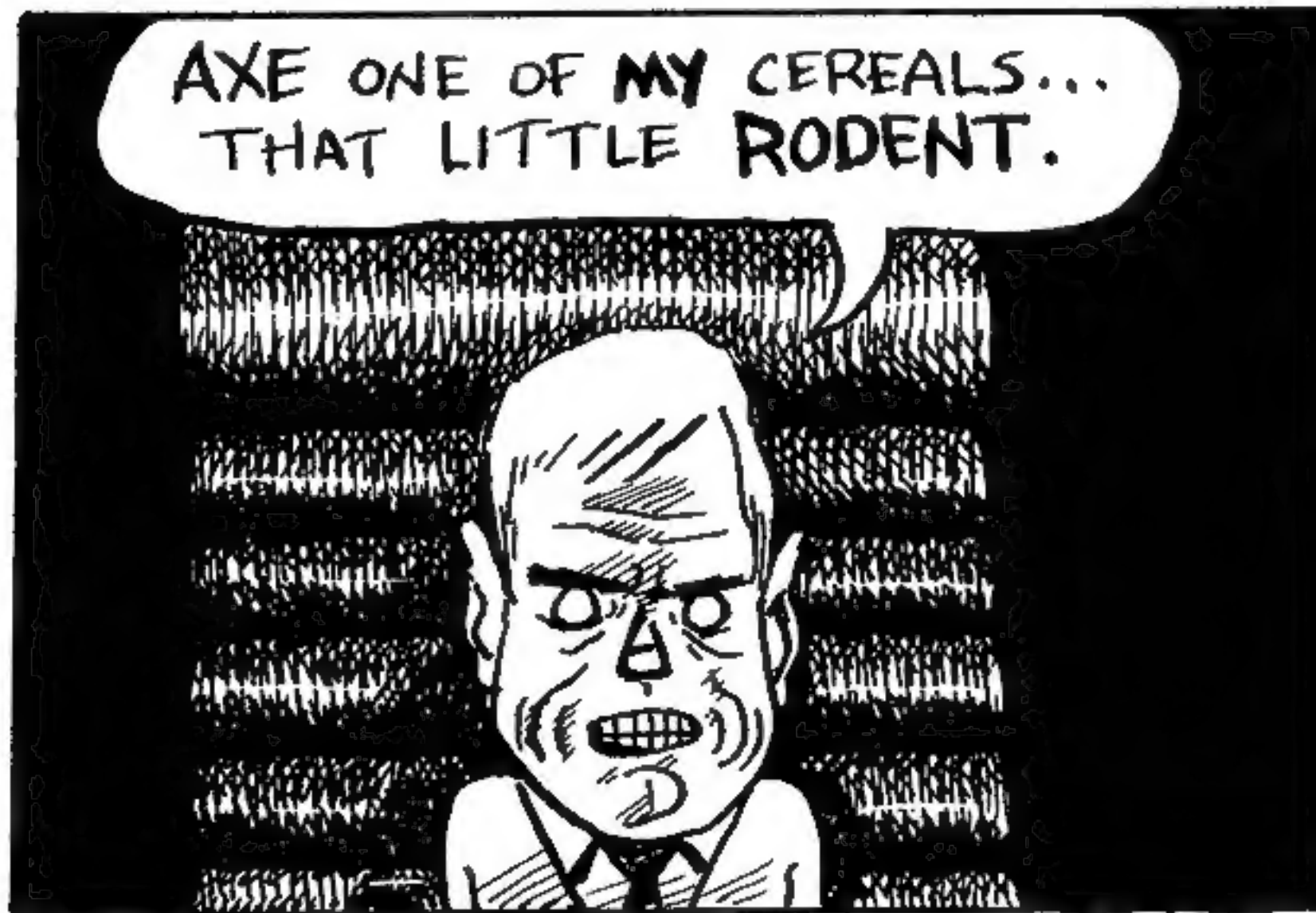
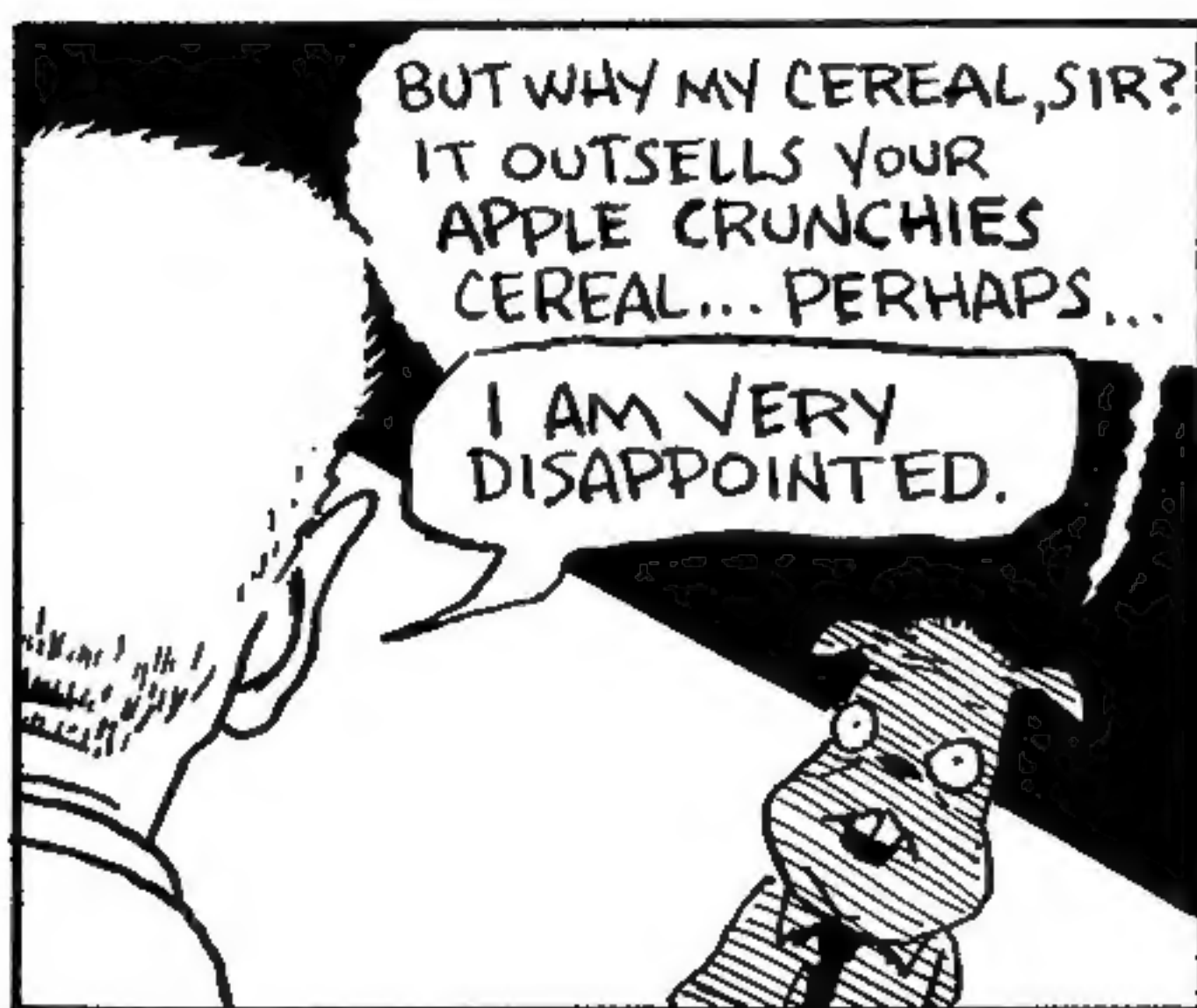
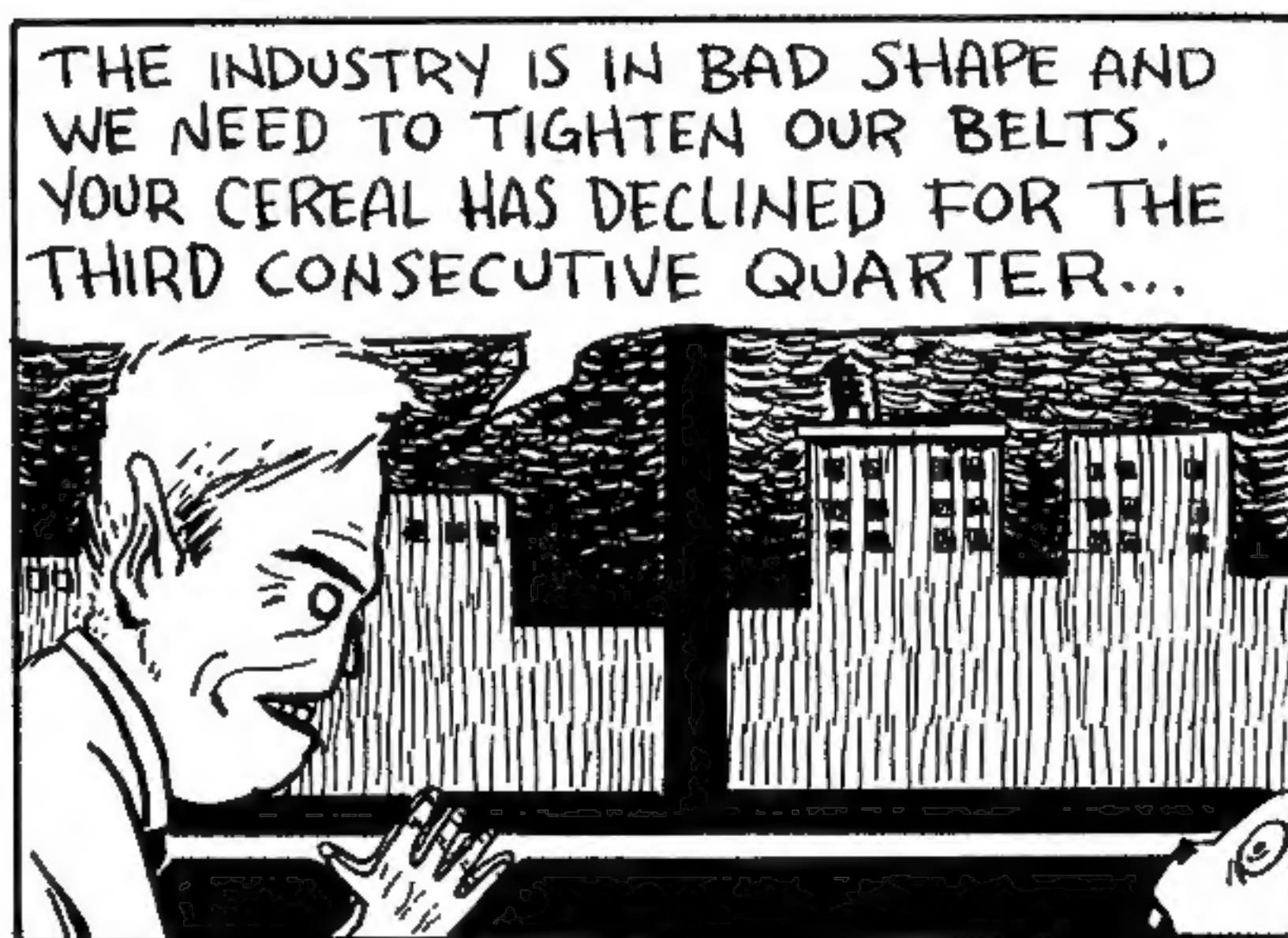
GOOD CHOICES ARE
OFTEN TOUGH CHOICES.

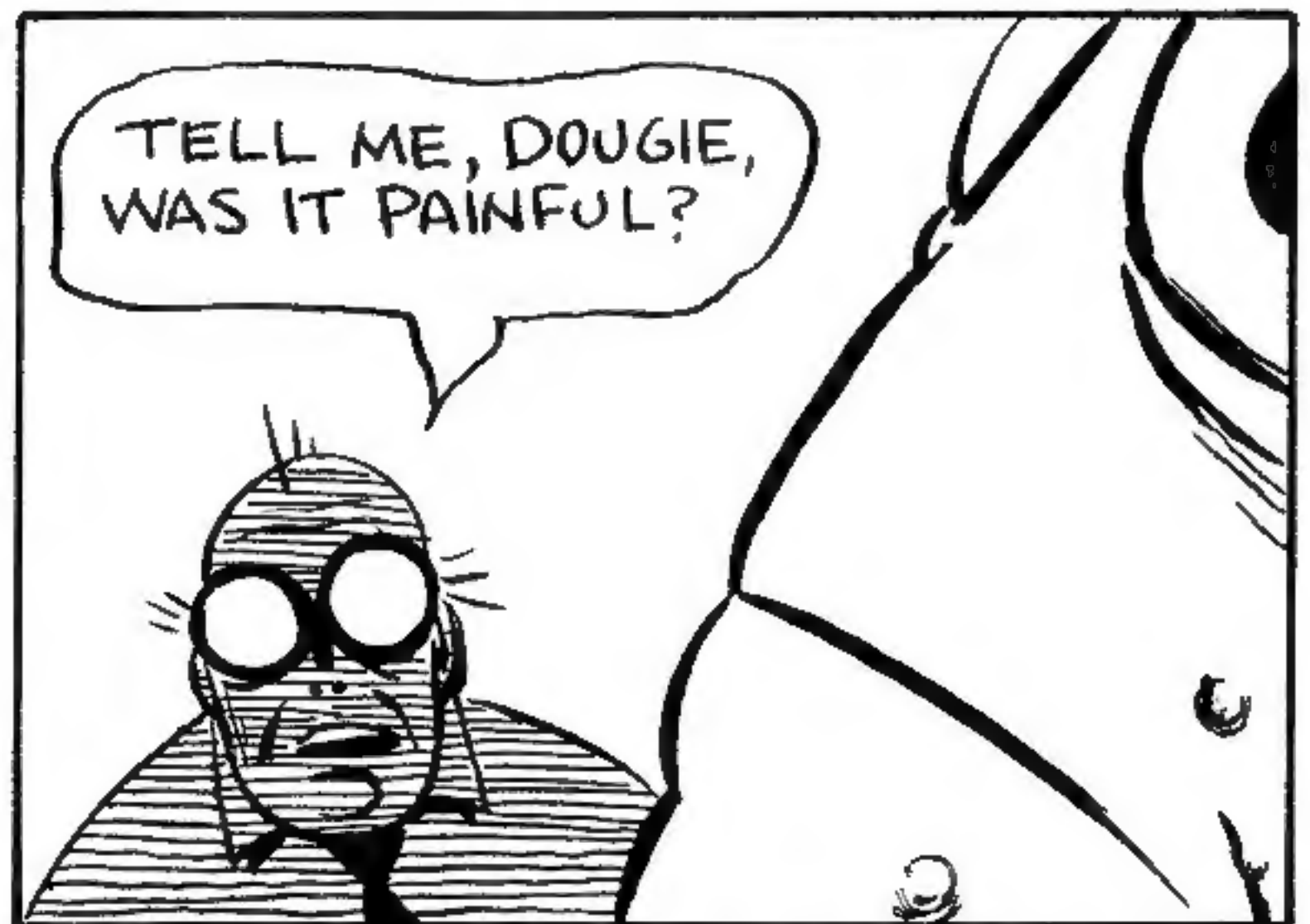
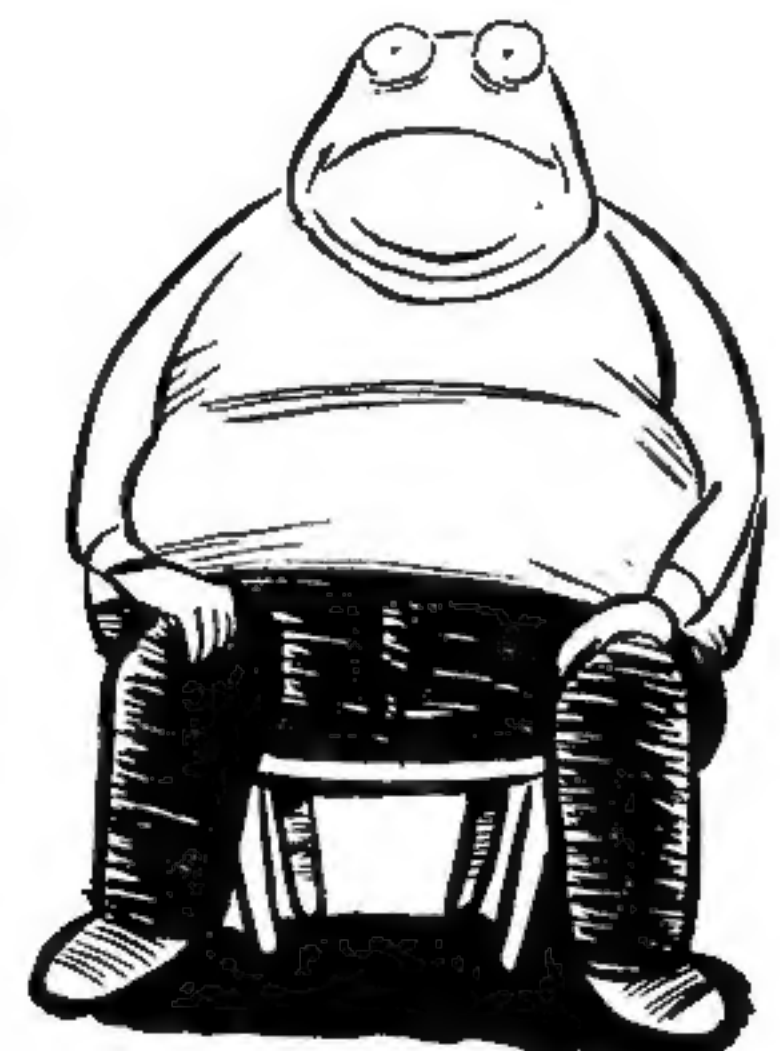
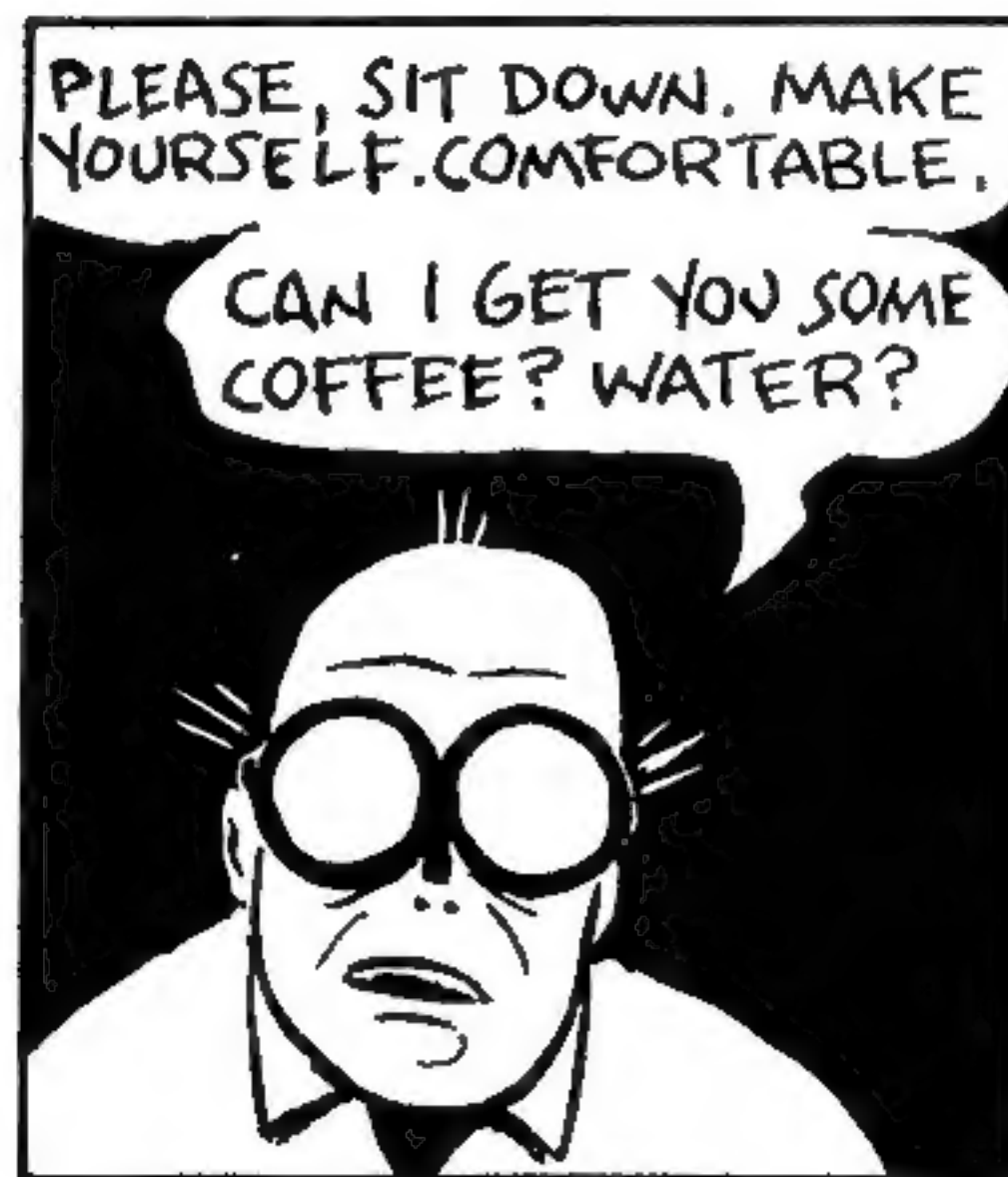
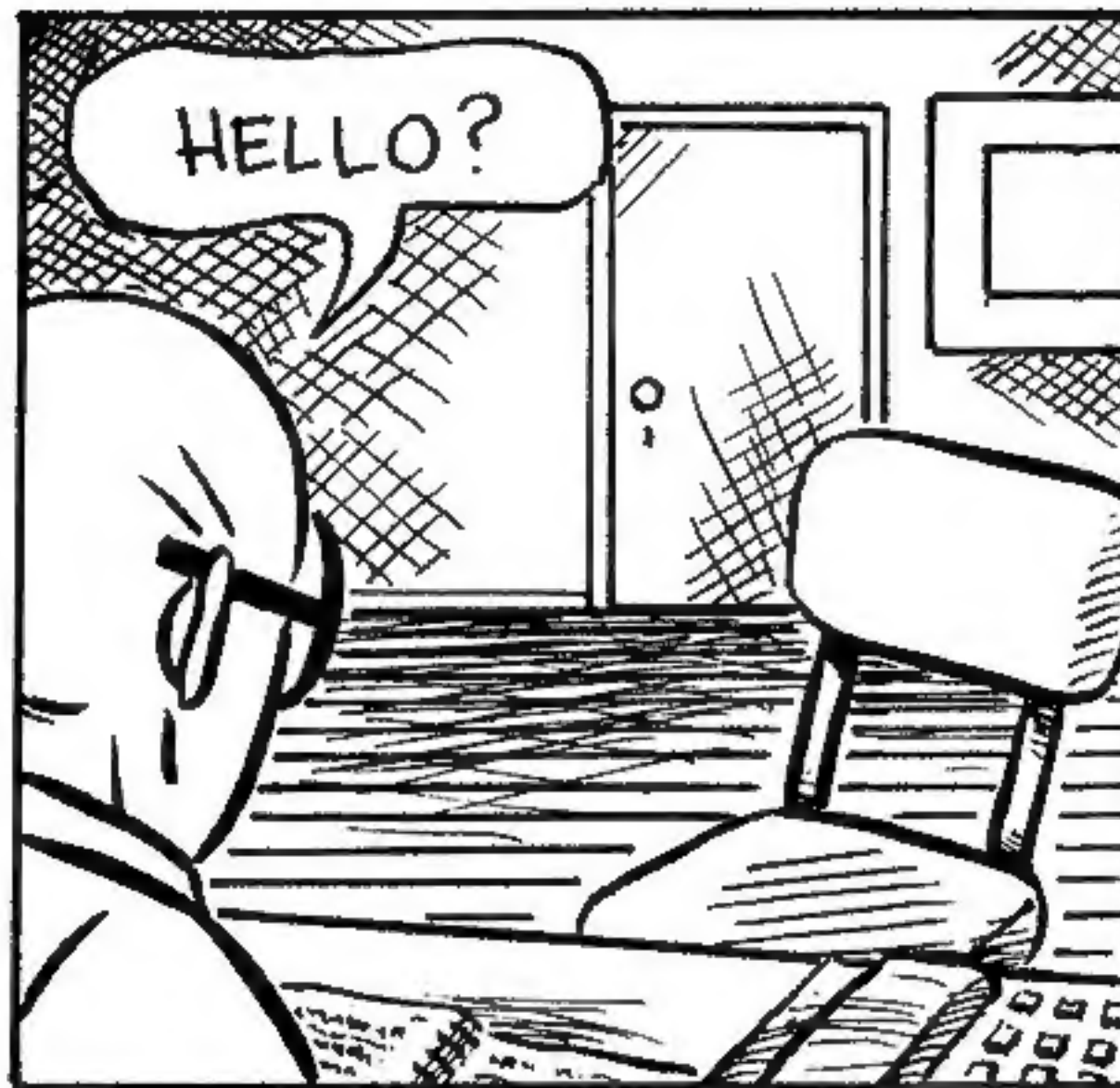
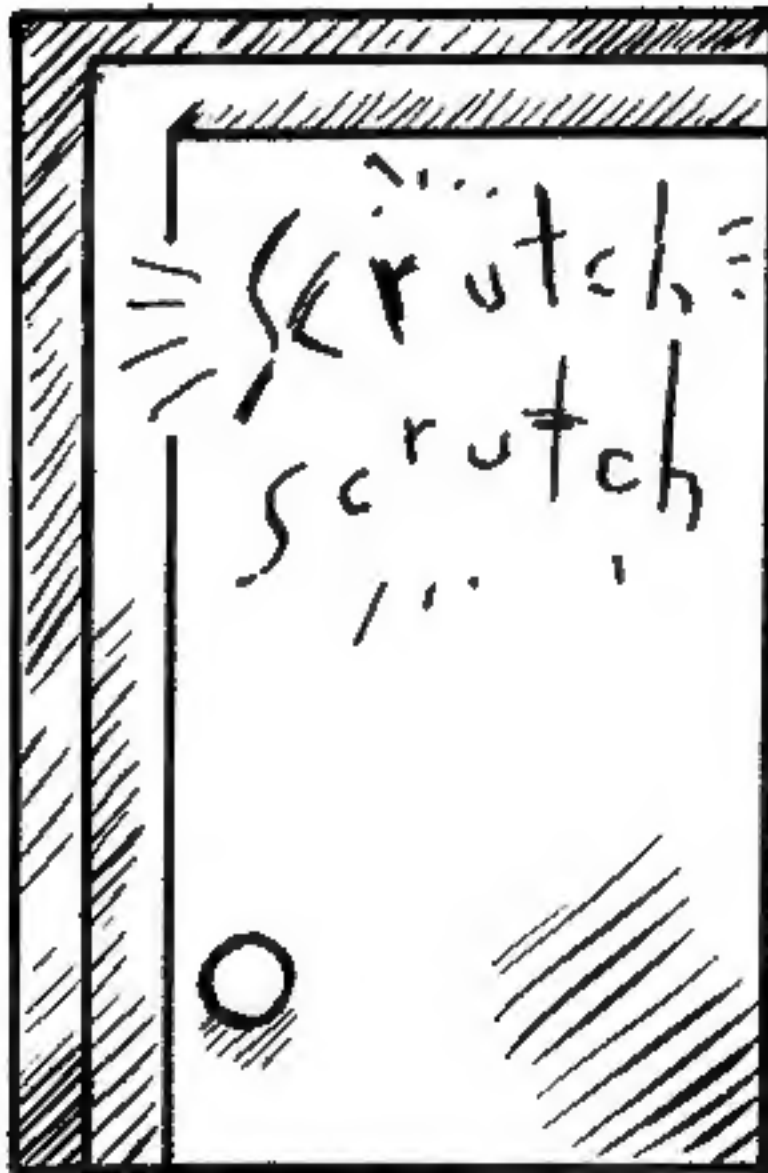


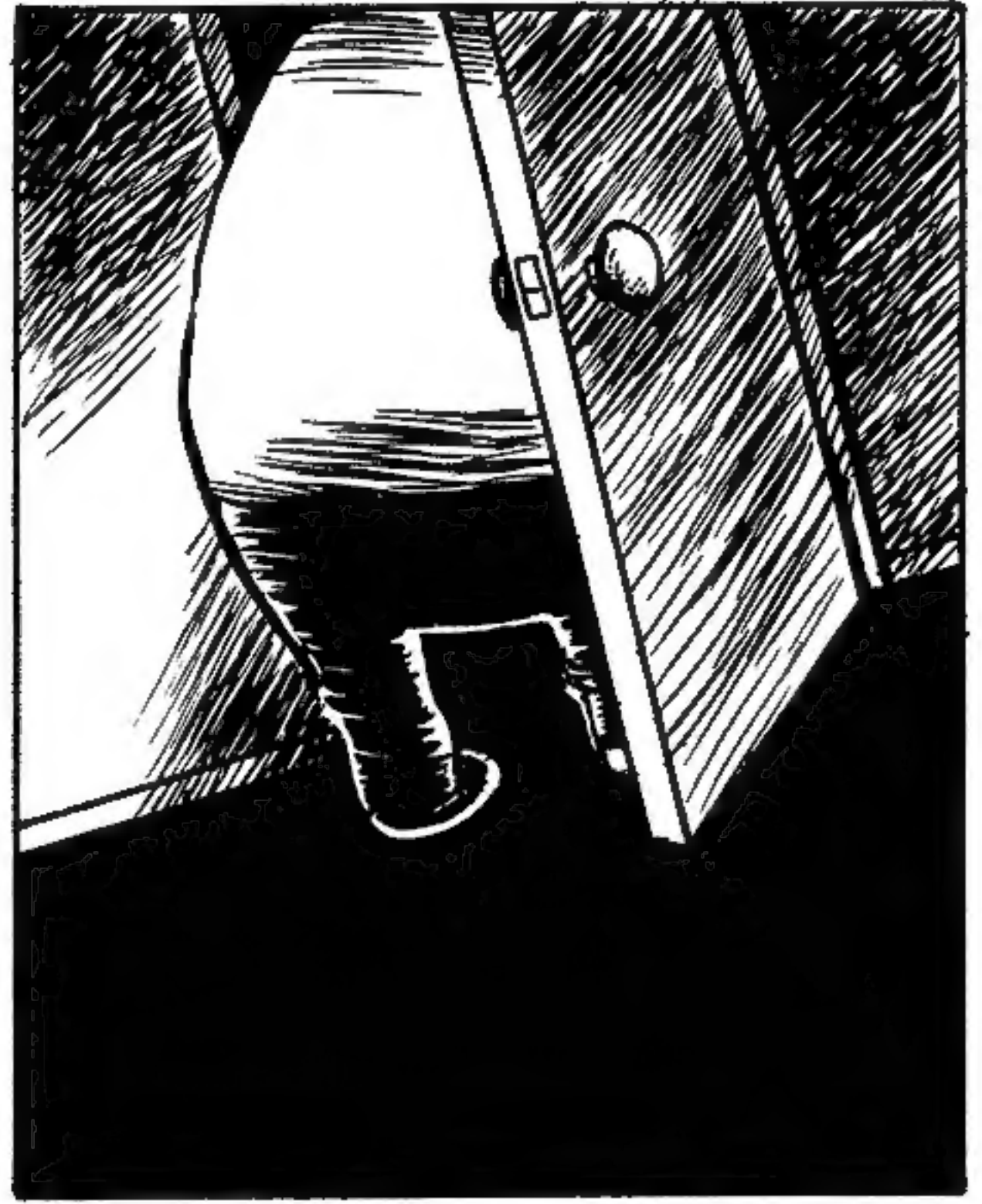
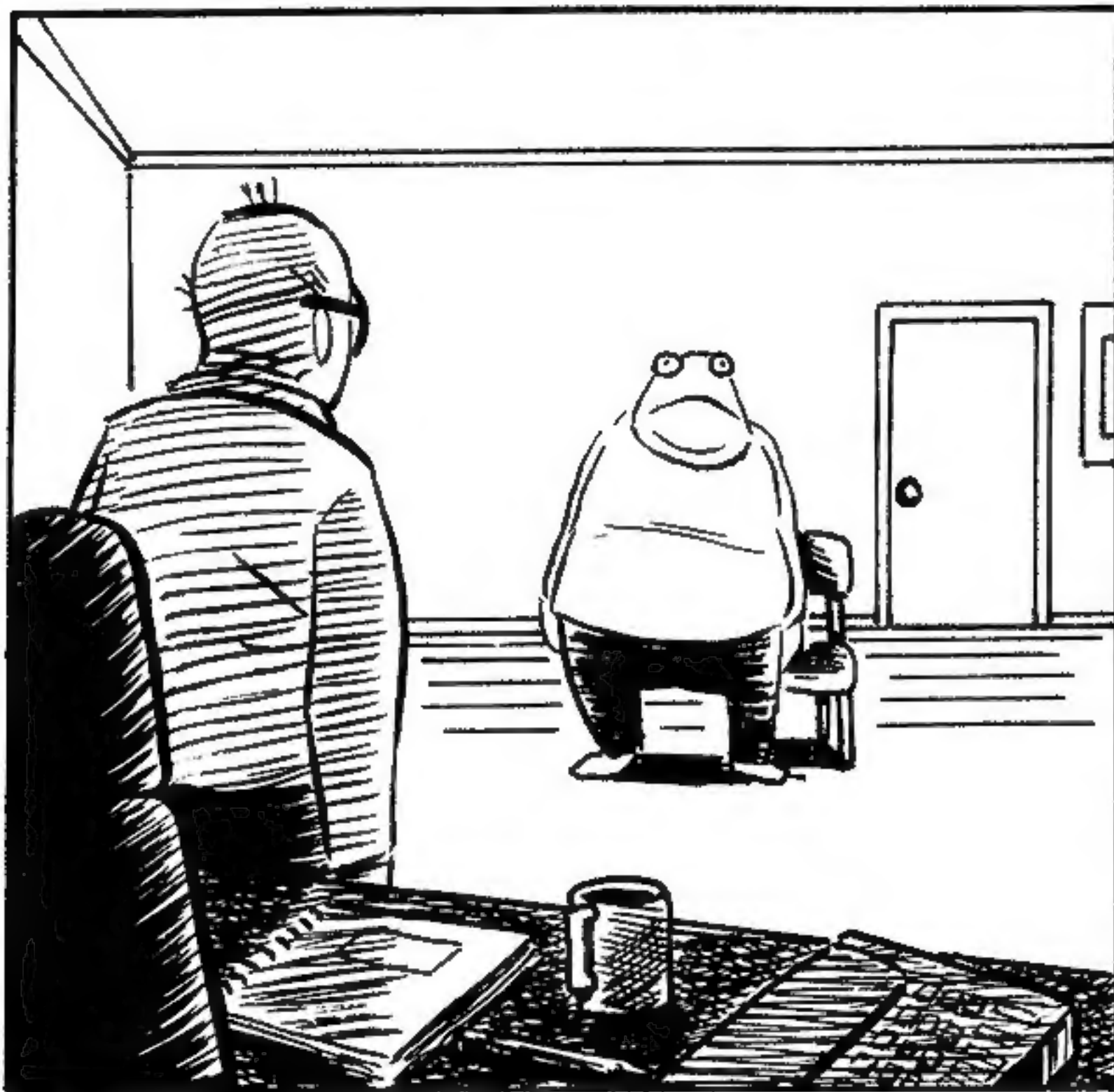
SHIRLAND, WE'RE NOT AIRING
YOUR COMMERCIAL.
WE'RE DISCONTINUING
YOUR CEREAL.

WE'RE LETTING
YOU GO.



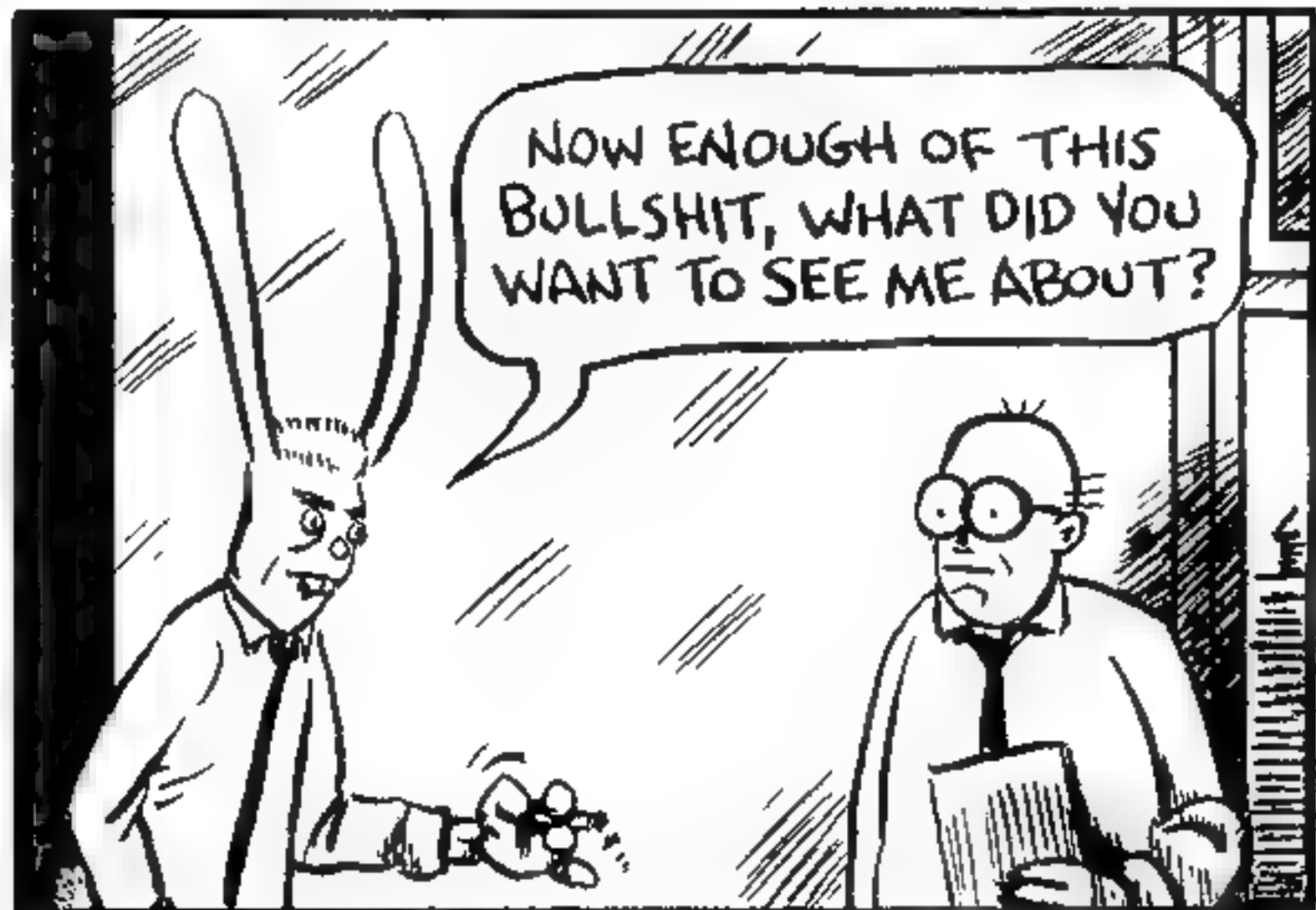
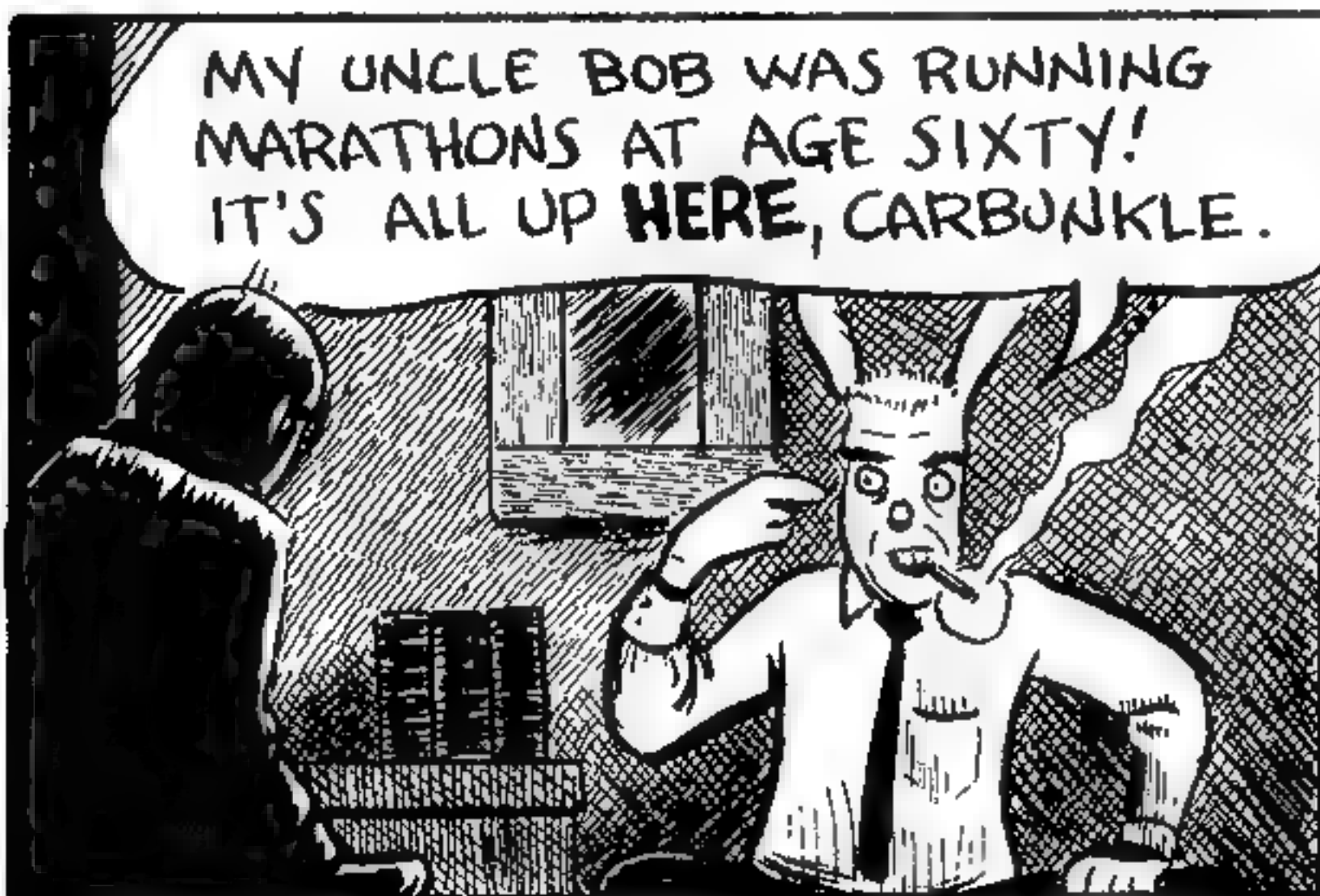
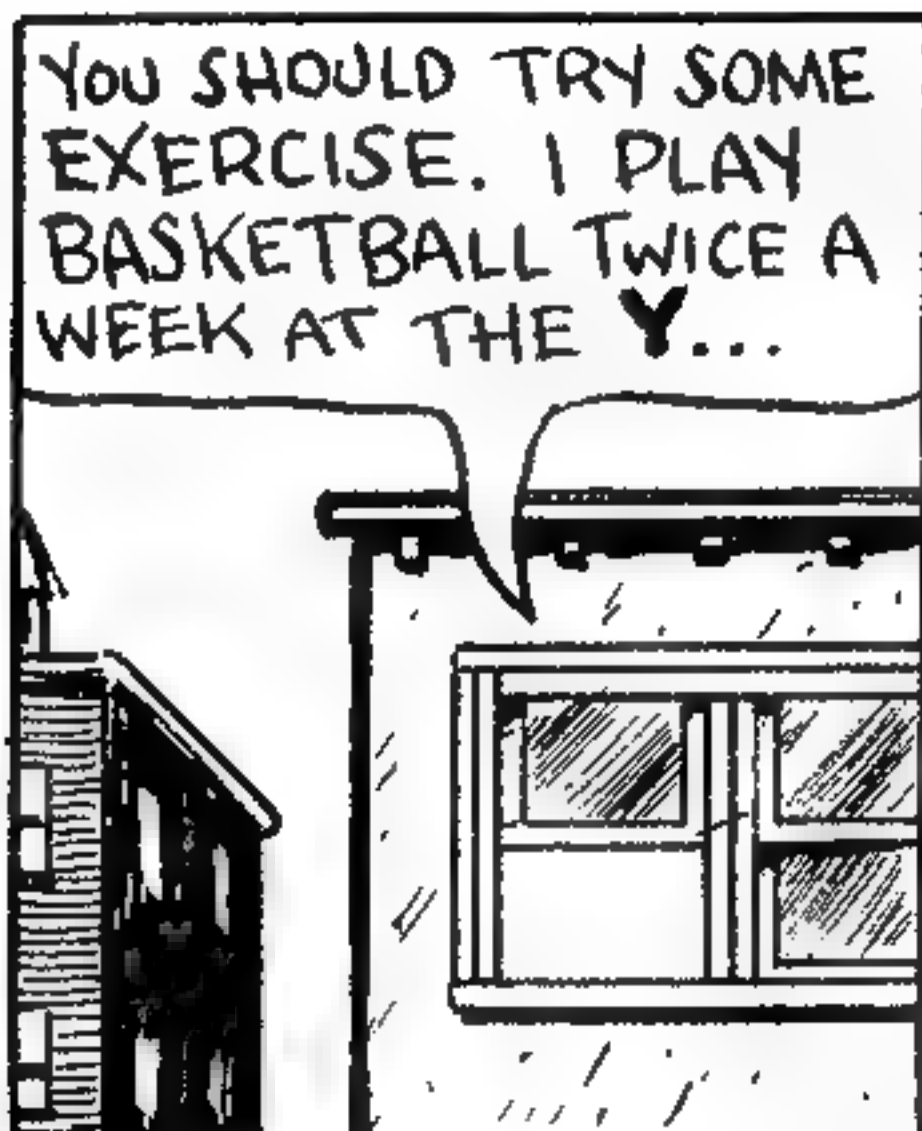


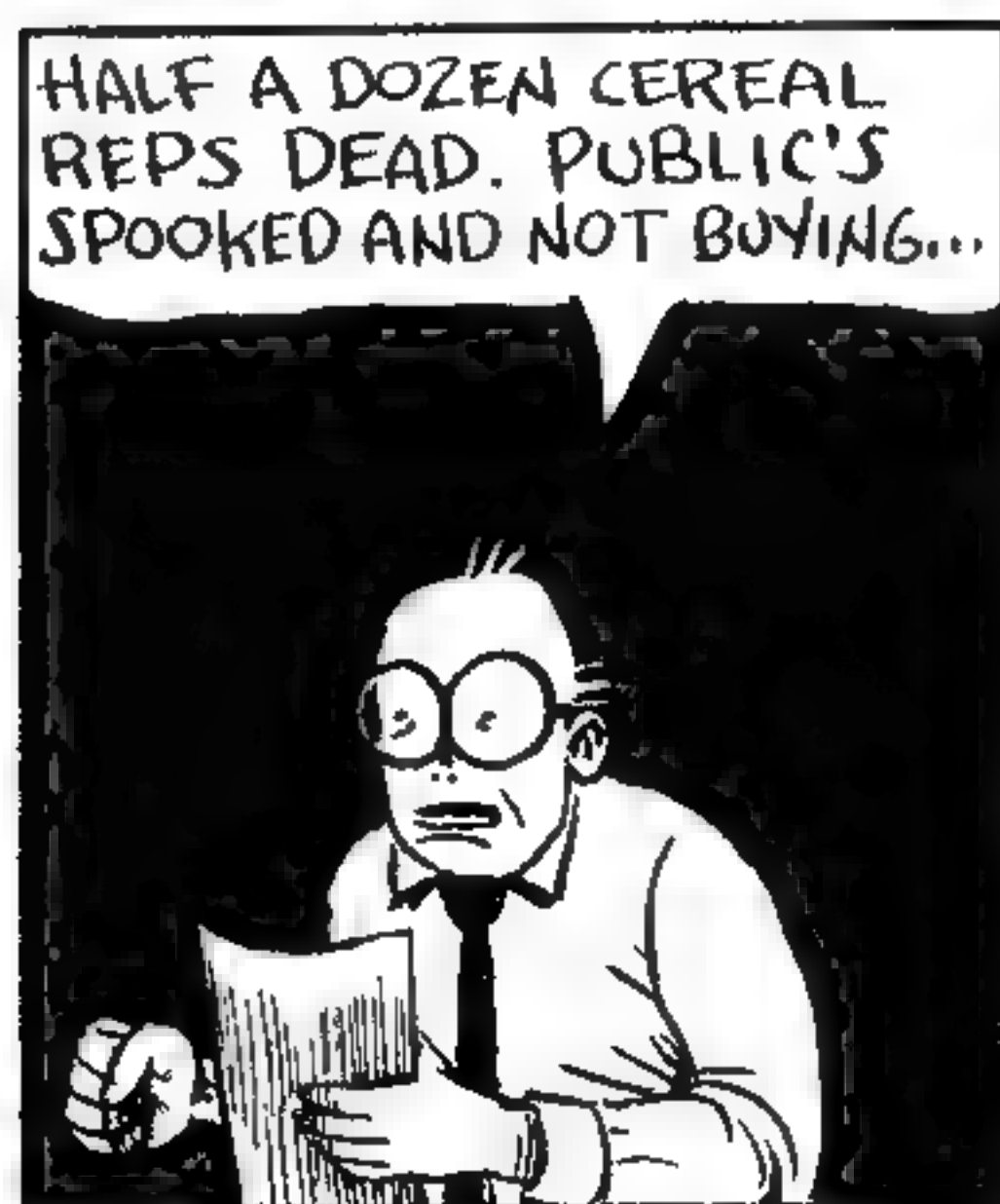
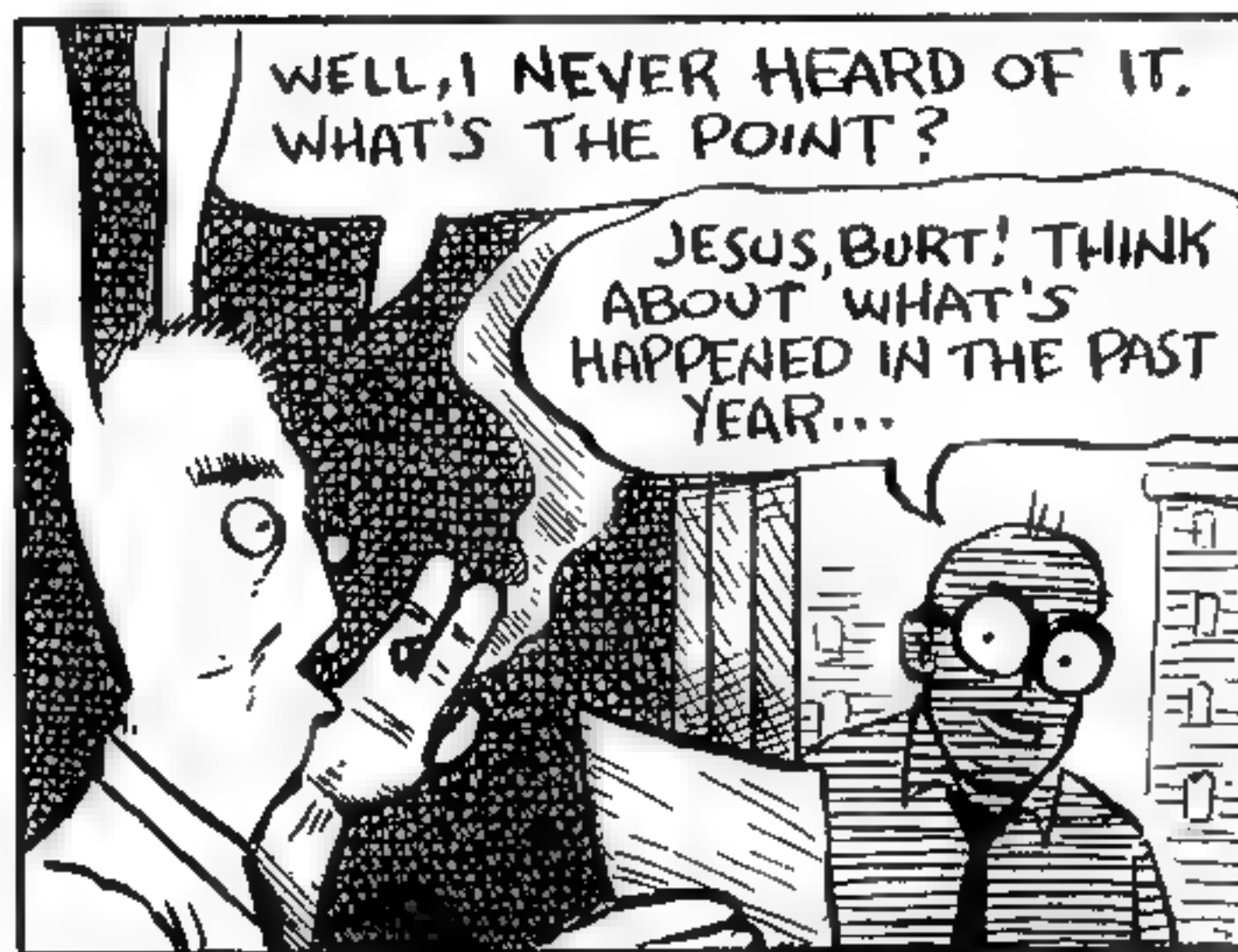
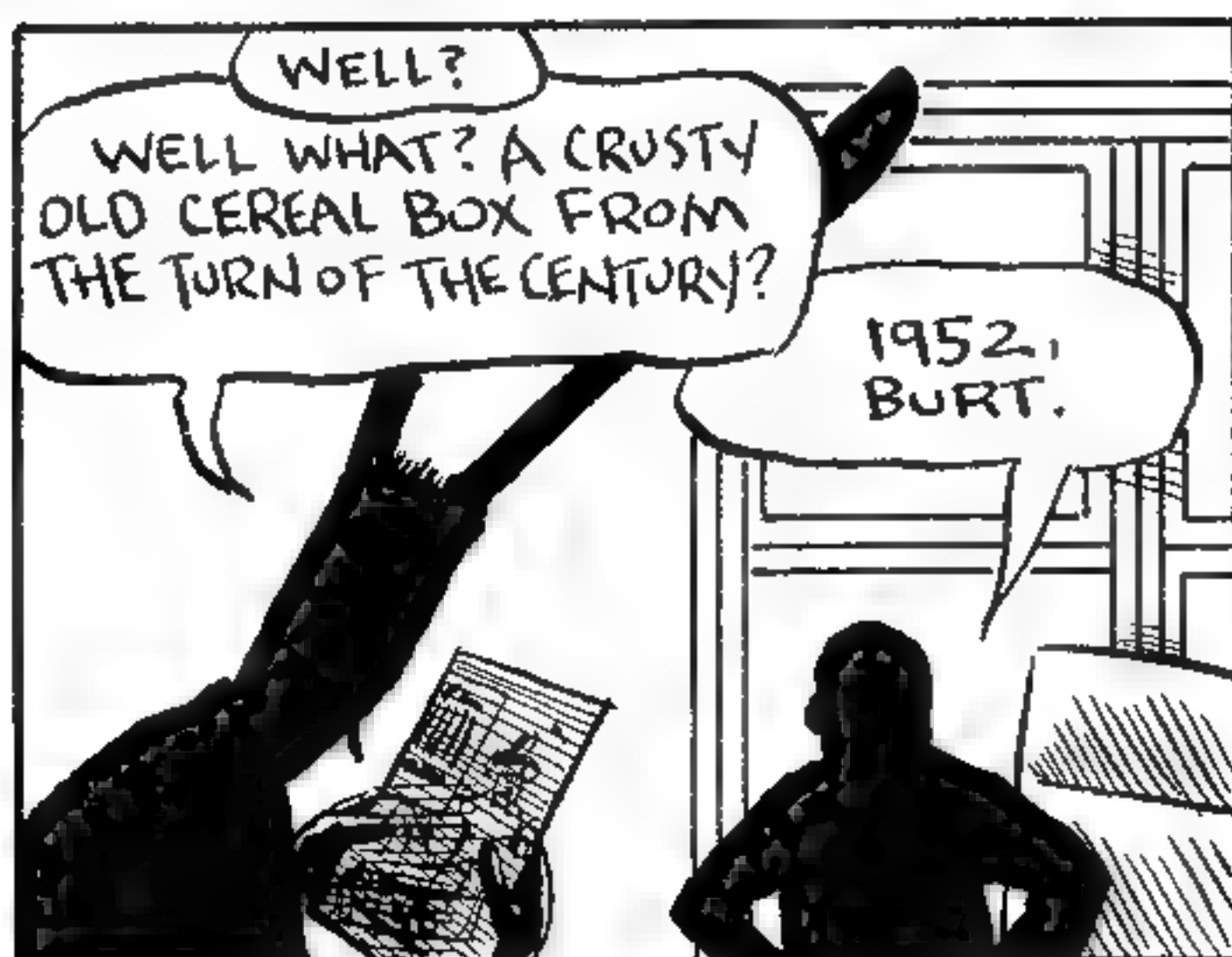












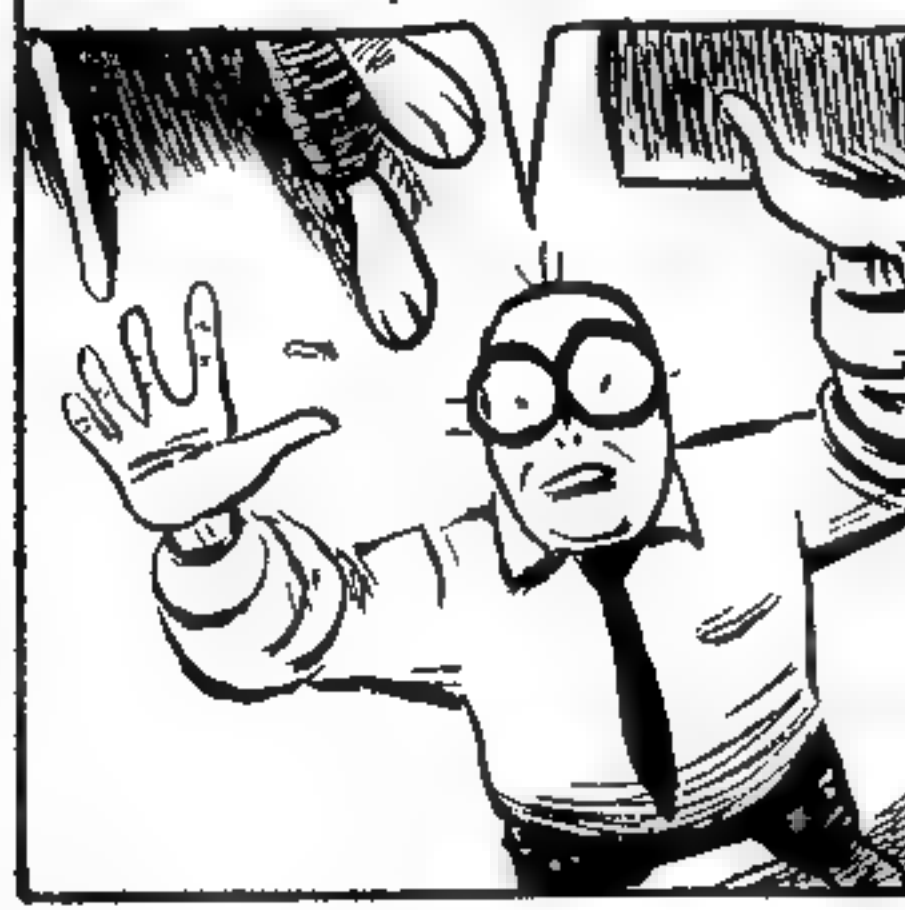
I'LL HAVE TO UP-DATE IT A BIT... THE INGREDIENTS: CORN SOUNDS A BIT BLAND...



I'M SURE THE BOYS IN THE LAB CAN ADD A LITTLE ZIP TO IT, HONEY, BROWN SUGAR, RAISINS... WHATEVER.



AND THE NAME'S A LITTLE PLAIN. MAYBE "CORN ZAPS" OR "COUNTRY CORN CEREAL."



I THINK THIS COULD BE BIG, REAL BIG... IT'S WHAT THE PUBLIC'S BEEN LOOKING FOR.



I'M ON TO SOMETHING HERE, HUH, BURT? THIS COULD BE THE BIGGEST CEREAL SINCE RICE CRUNCHIES.

WELL, BURT? WHAT DO YOU THINK, BURT?



BURT?



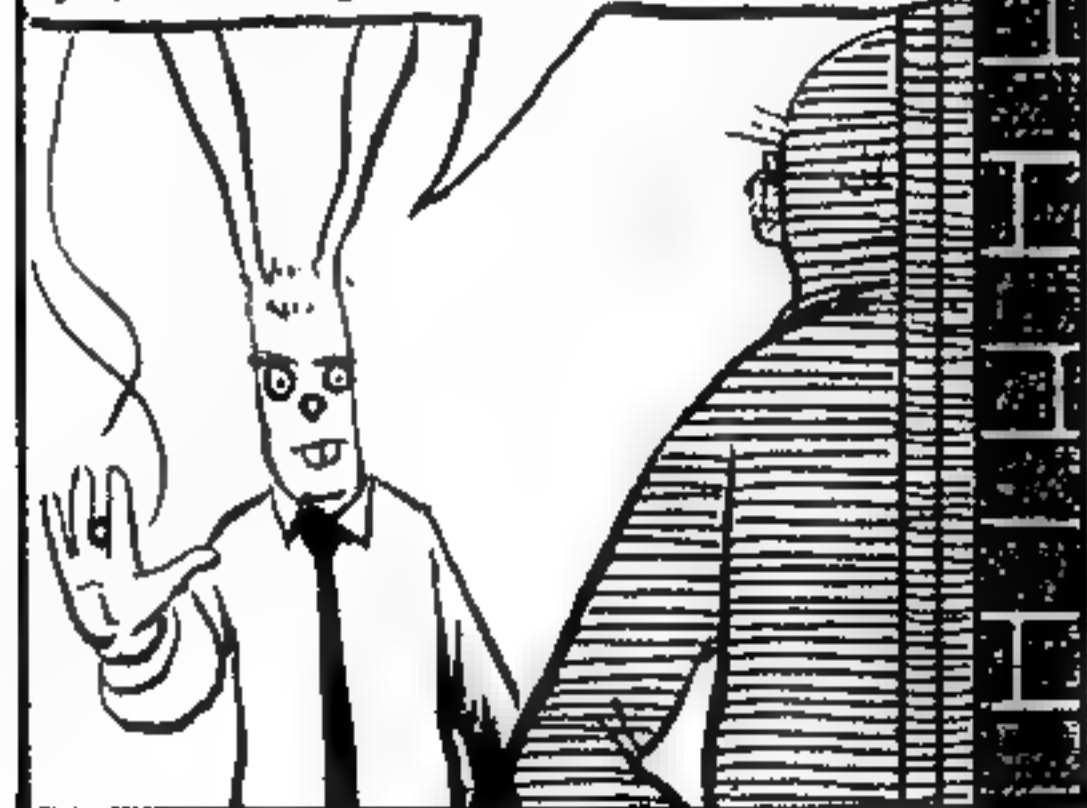
WELL, FOR STARTERS, YOU SHOULD CALM DOWN. YOU'RE SWEATING LIKE A GOD-DAMN PIG.



NOW, WHAT YOU SHOULD DO, IS KEEP YOUR CEREAL BUT BAG THAT SCARECROW RELIC...



GET THAT BIG TEEN BAND, WHAT ARE THEY CALLED- NEW KIDZ ON THE HOOD OR SOMETHING.



PLASTER THEIR FACES ON A BOX OF CEREAL AND NOW YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING!

BURT, YOU'VE TOTALLY MISSED THE POINT!



THE WHOLE IDEA IS TO REESTABLISH A LONG TERM RELATIONSHIP WITH THE CONSUMER, NOT JUST EXPLOIT A FAD...



YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THAT. KIDS **LOOK** FOR YOU WHEN THEY SHOP.



BUT I'M WHAT YOU'D CALL A SPECIAL TALENT, A **DYING BREED** IF YOU WILL.



BUT TO SURVIVE IN TODAY'S MARKET, YOU HAVE TO THINK BOTTOM LINE.



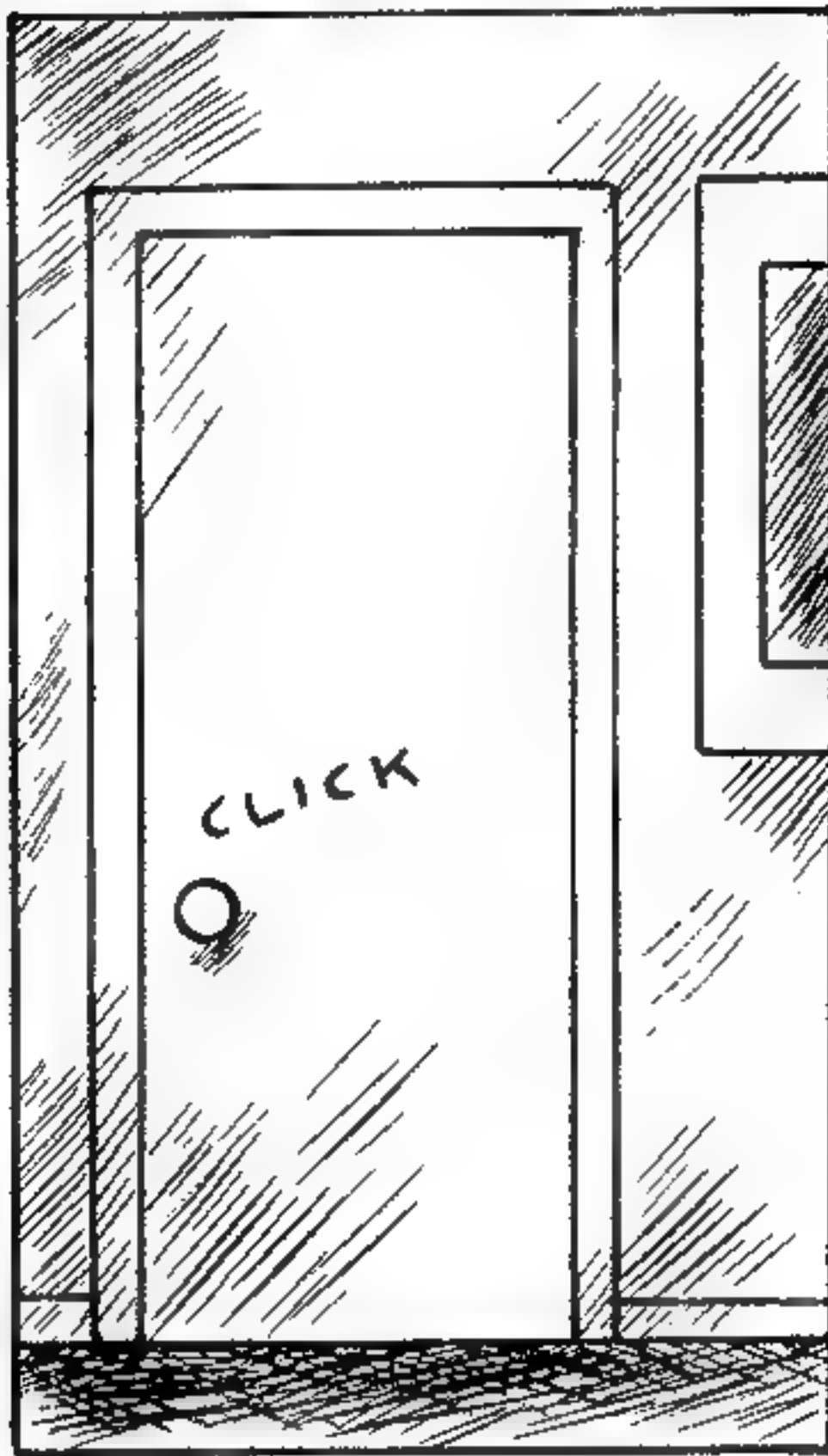
IT'S LIKE MY UNCLE CHARLIE ONCE TOLD ME - "RICH OR POOR, IT'S NICE TO HAVE MONEY."

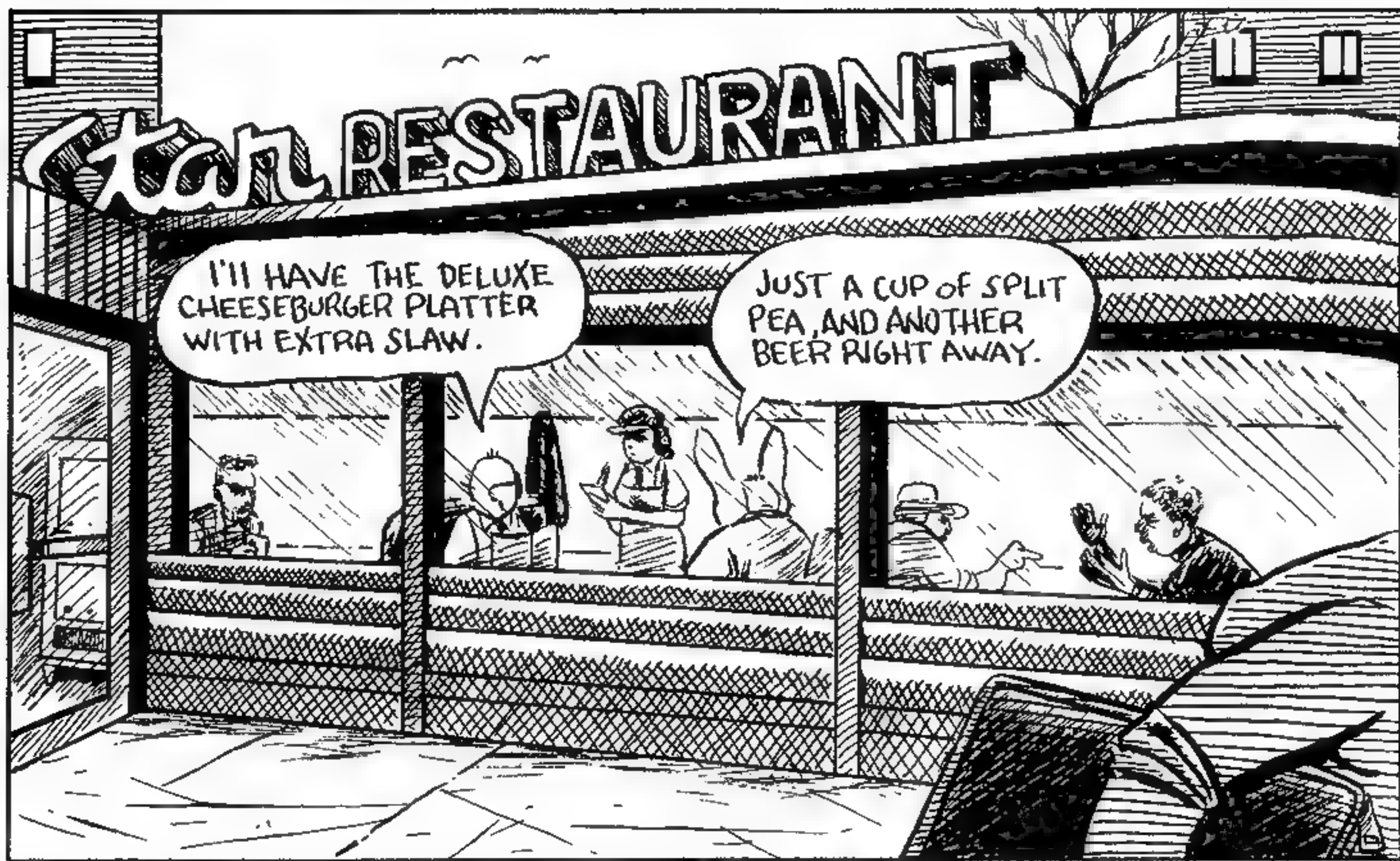


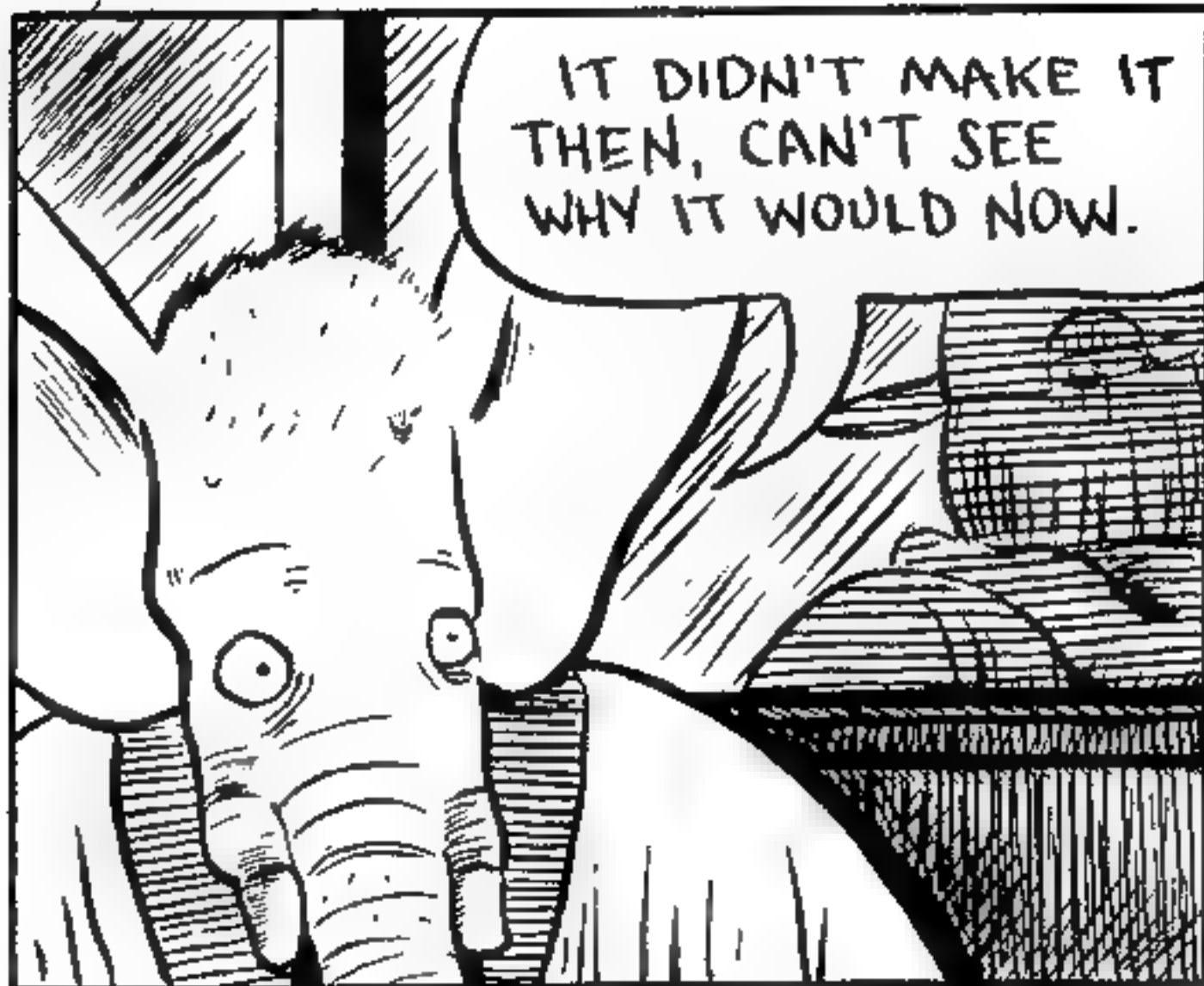
I'M MEETING Schmedly FOR LUNCH, YOU WANT TO JOIN US?



BUT IF YOU'RE HEADING UPTOWN I'D HOP IN YOUR CAB.







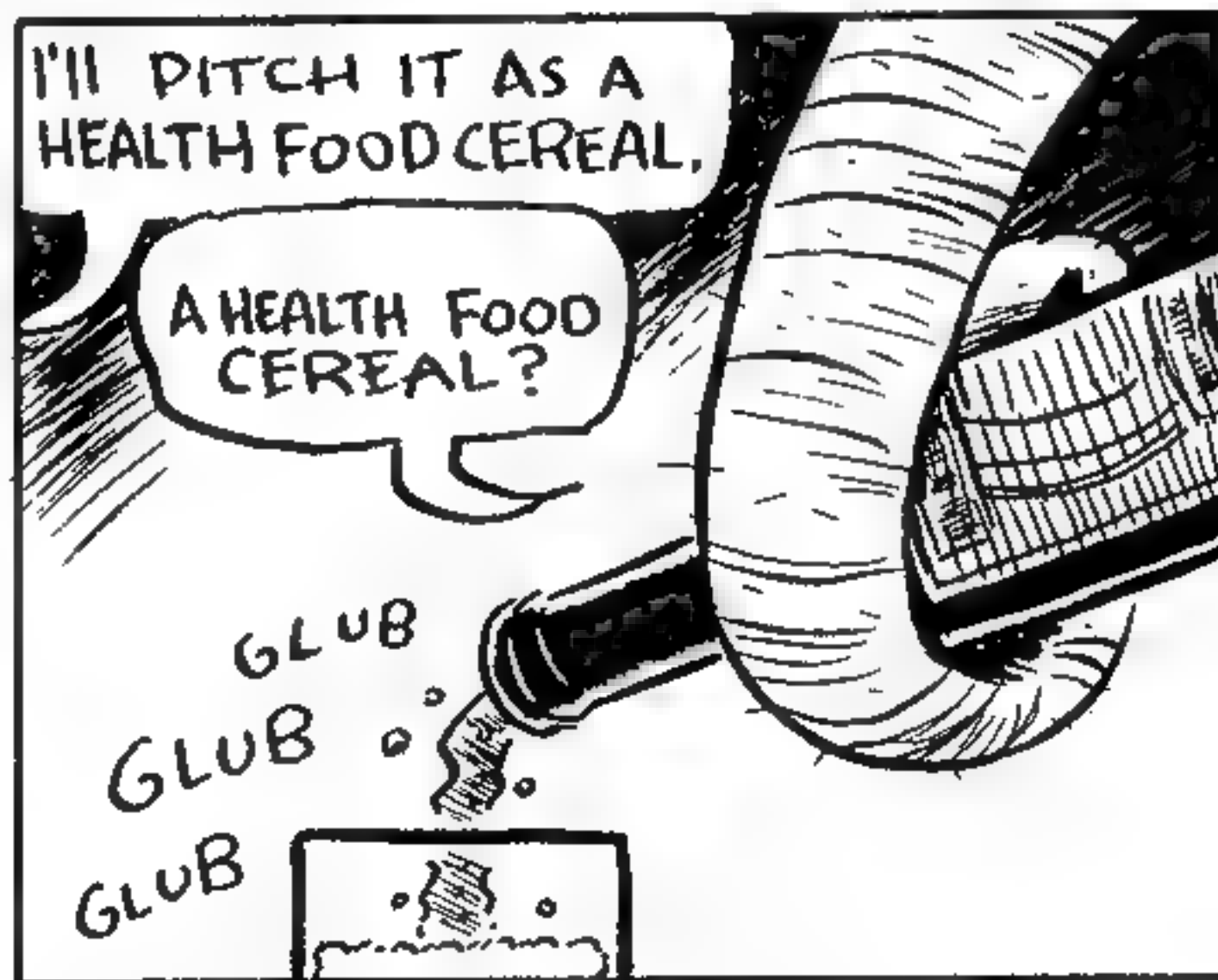
IT DIDN'T MAKE IT THEN, CAN'T SEE WHY IT WOULD NOW.



IT'S ALL TIMING SCHMEDLY... IN THE '50S, UNLESS YOU WERE SUGAR COVERED AND MARKETING FOR KIDS, YOU DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE.



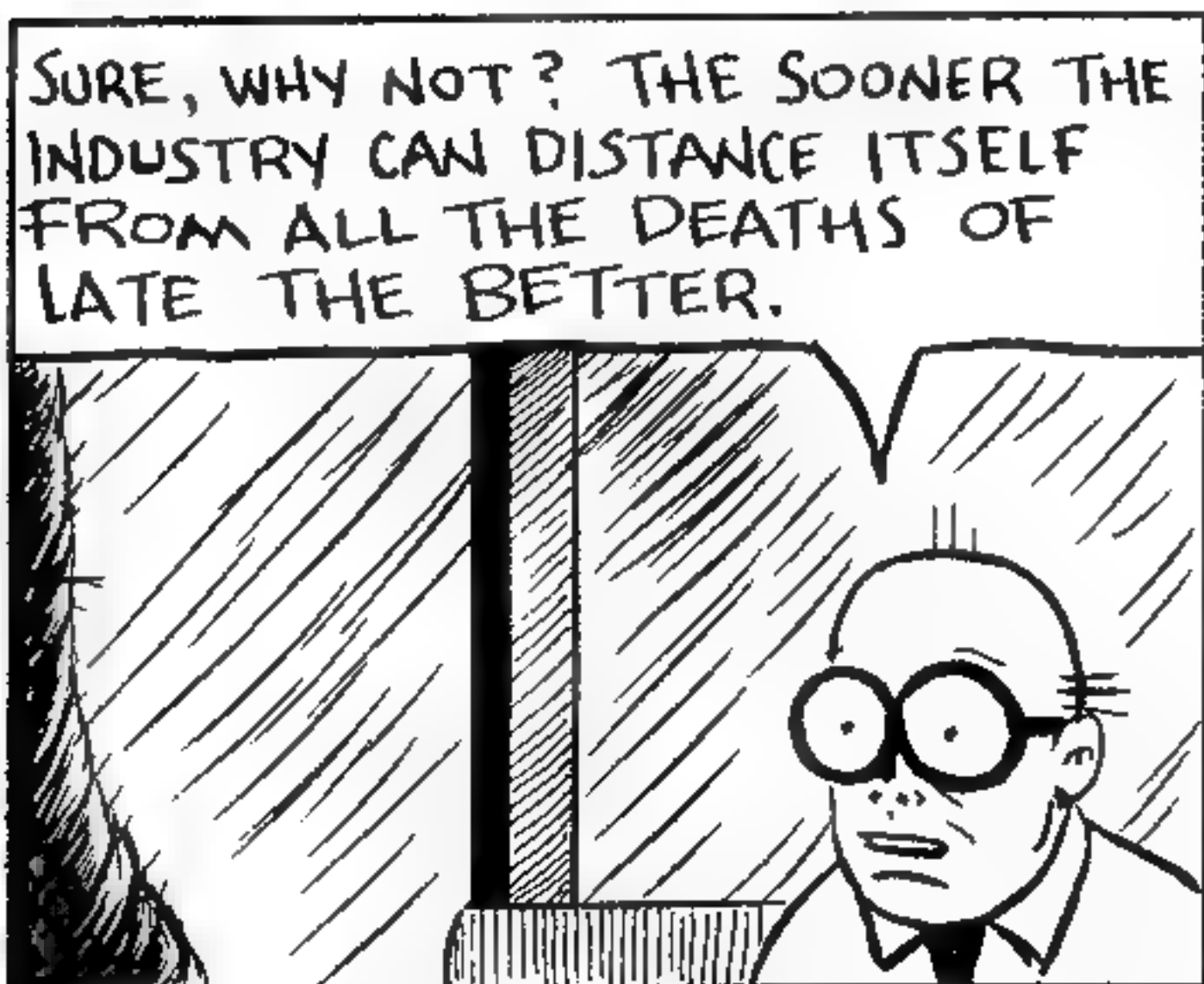
THOSE SAME KIDS ARE NOW ADULTS. IT'S A WHOLE NEW BALLGAME.



I'LL PITCH IT AS A HEALTH FOOD CEREAL.

A HEALTH FOOD CEREAL?

GLUB
GLUB
GLUB

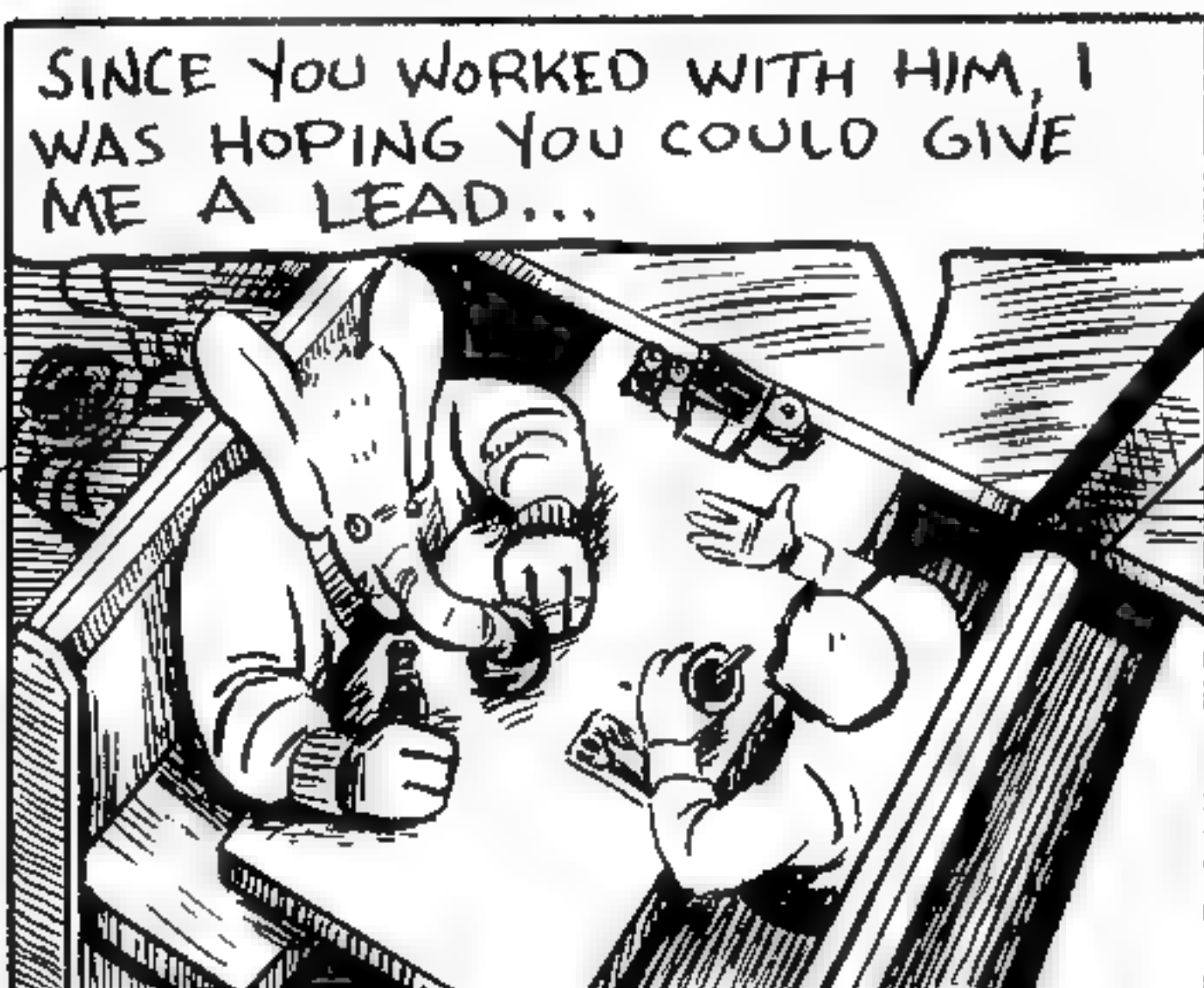


SURE, WHY NOT? THE SOONER THE INDUSTRY CAN DISTANCE ITSELF FROM ALL THE DEATHS OF LATE THE BETTER.

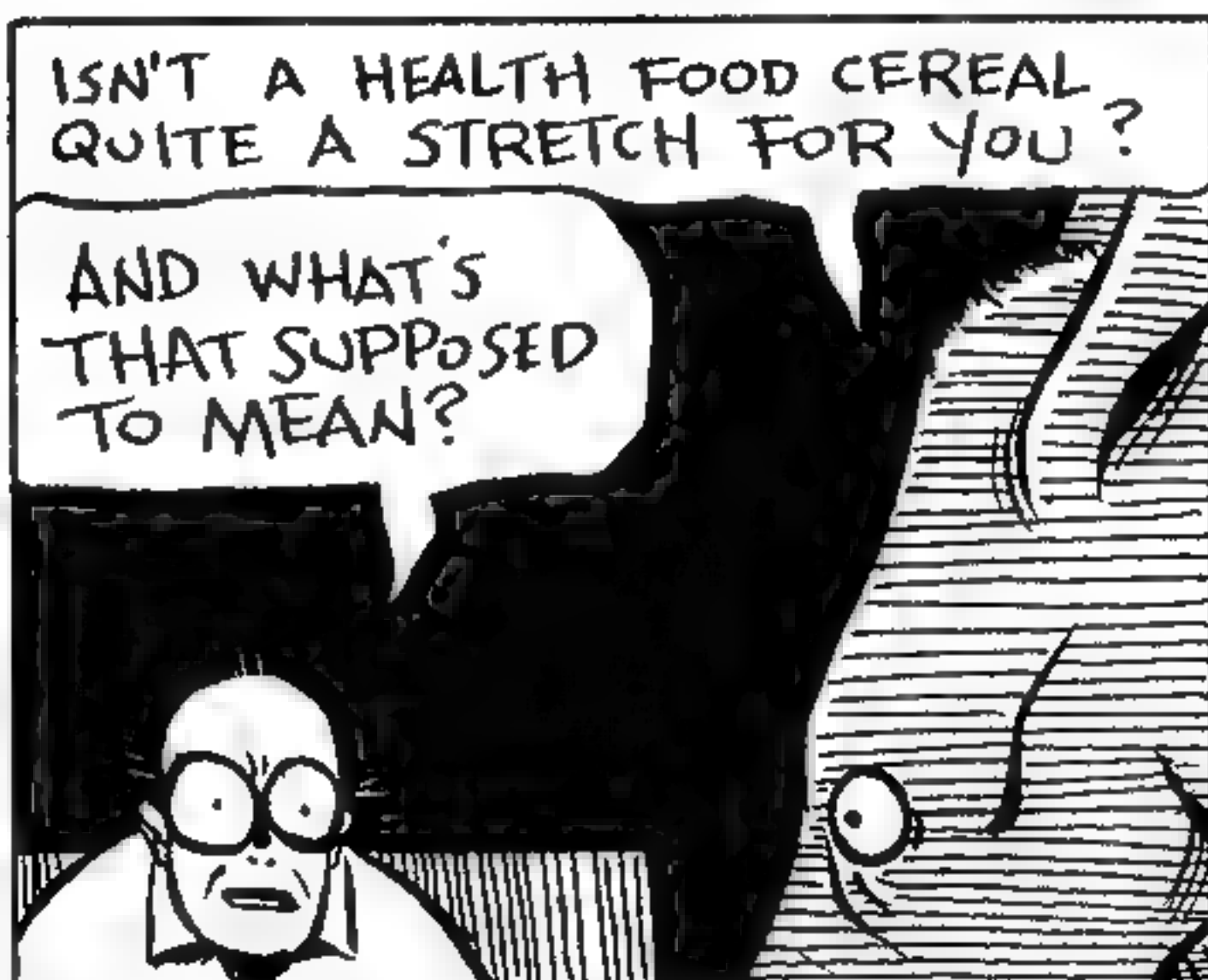


AND YOU MET WITH THIS SCARECROW?

I'VE HAD DIFFICULTY LOCATING HIM...

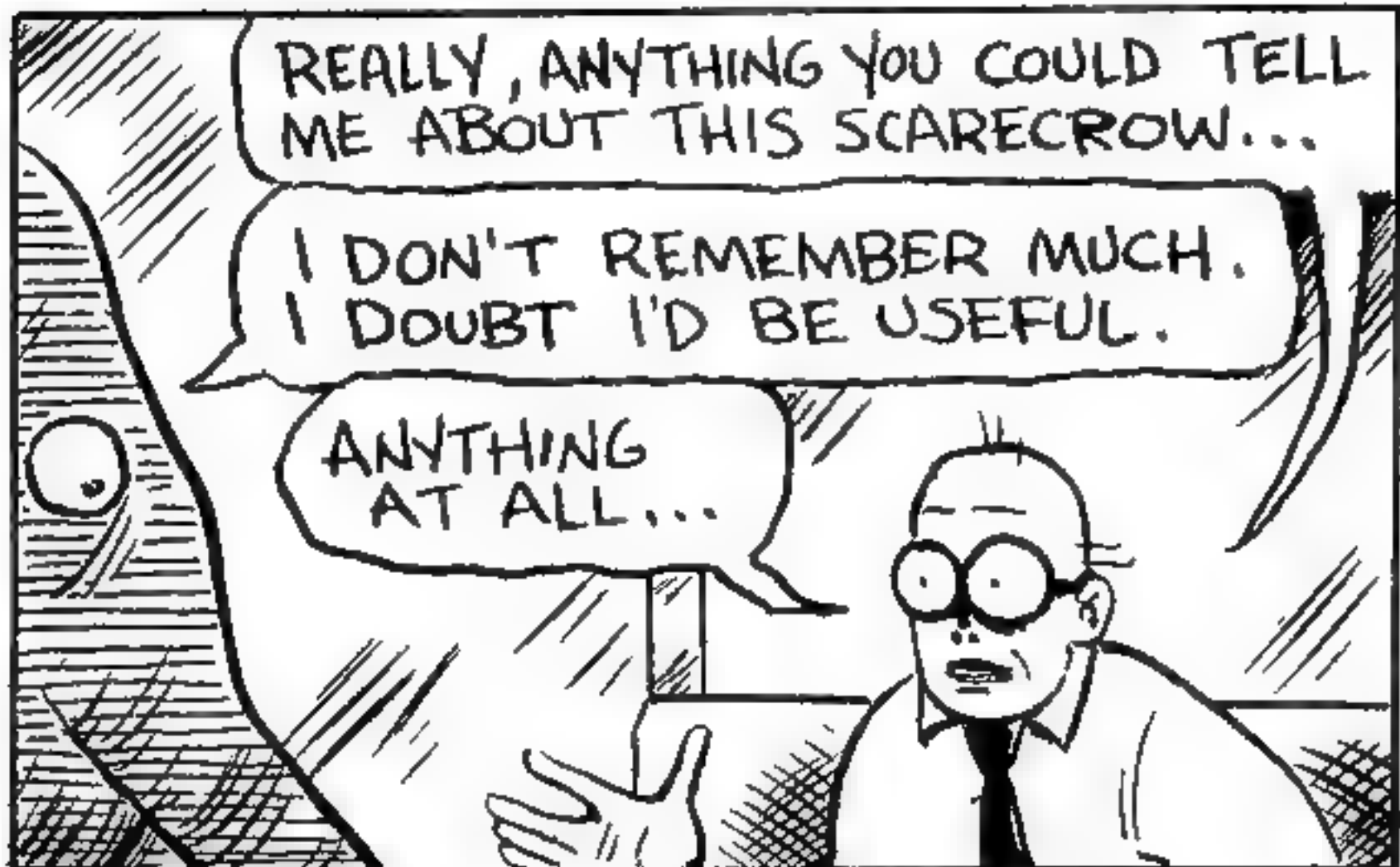
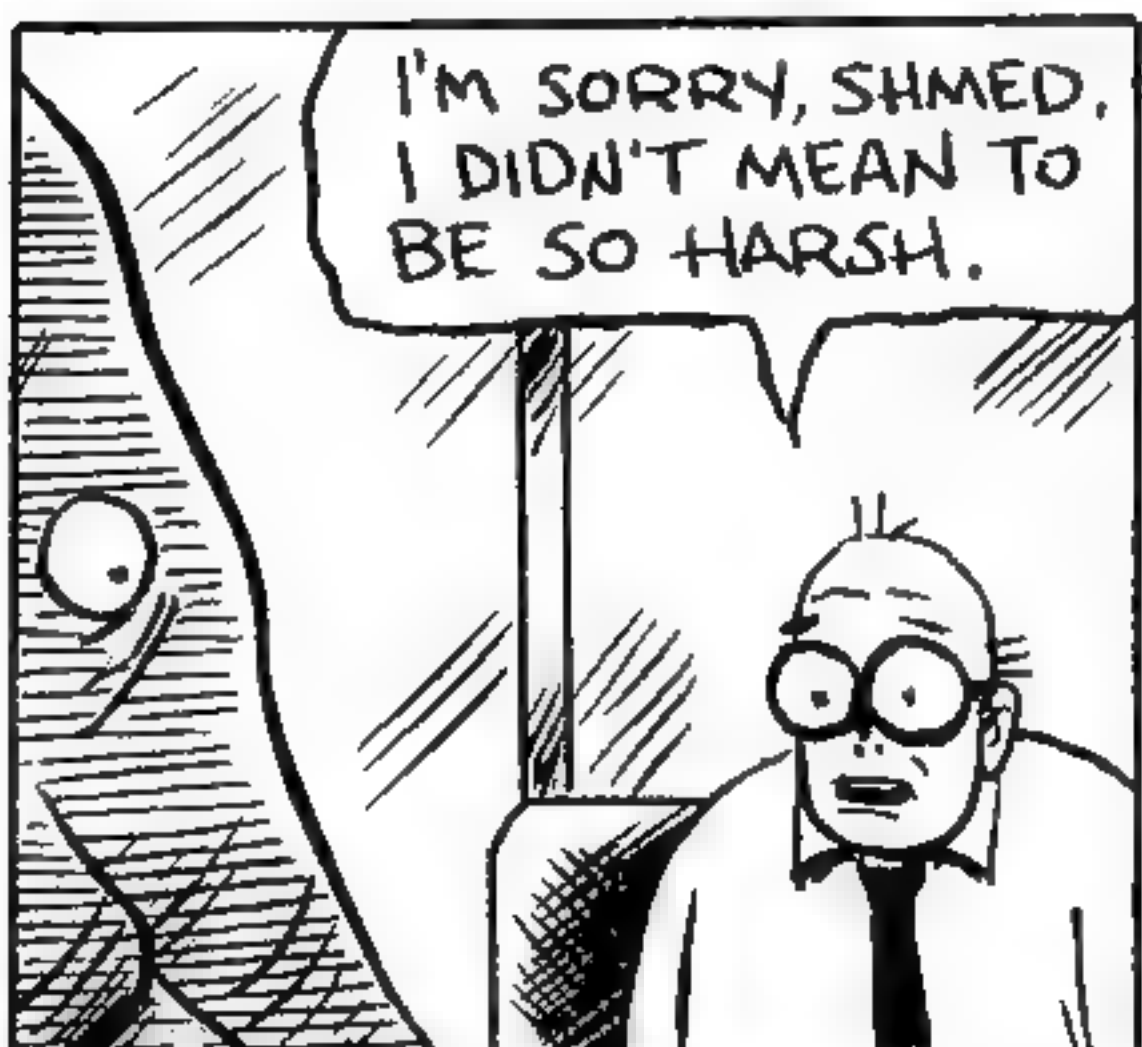
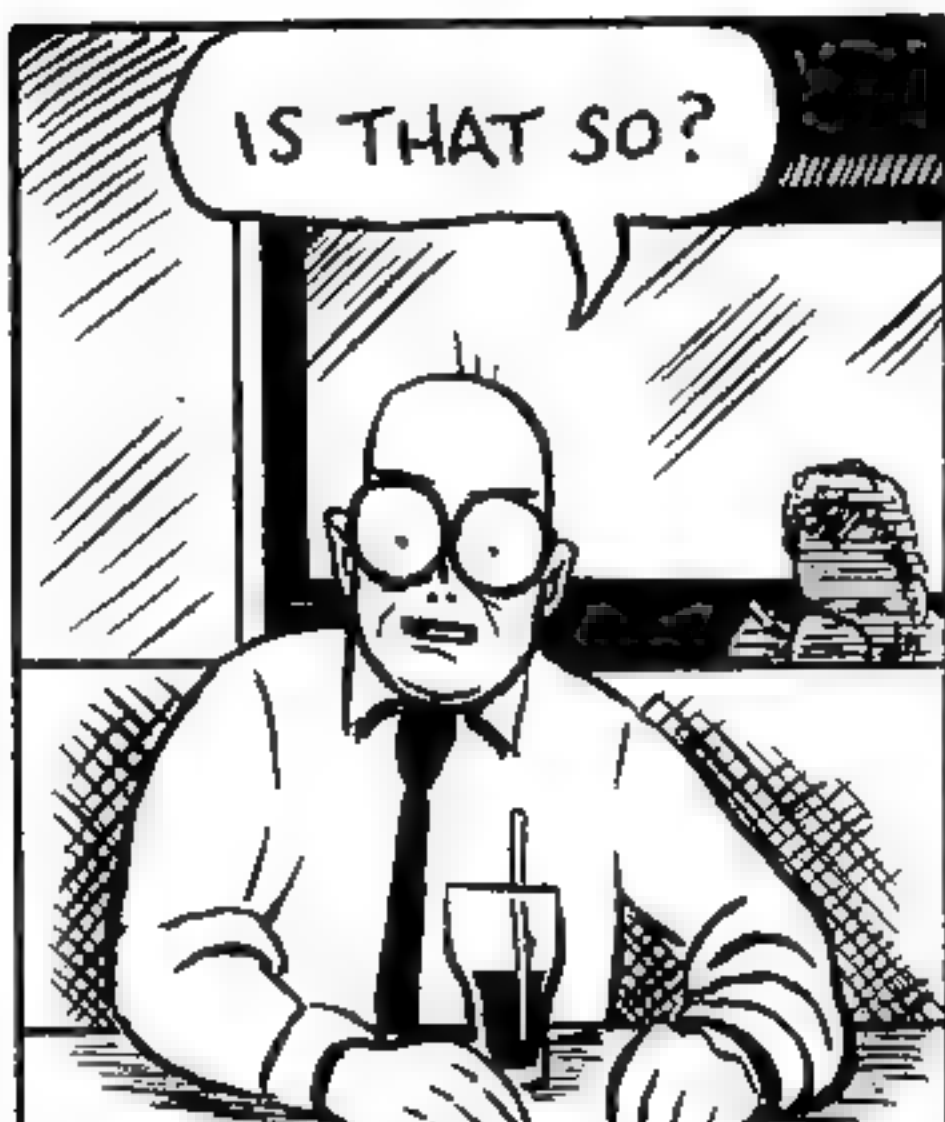
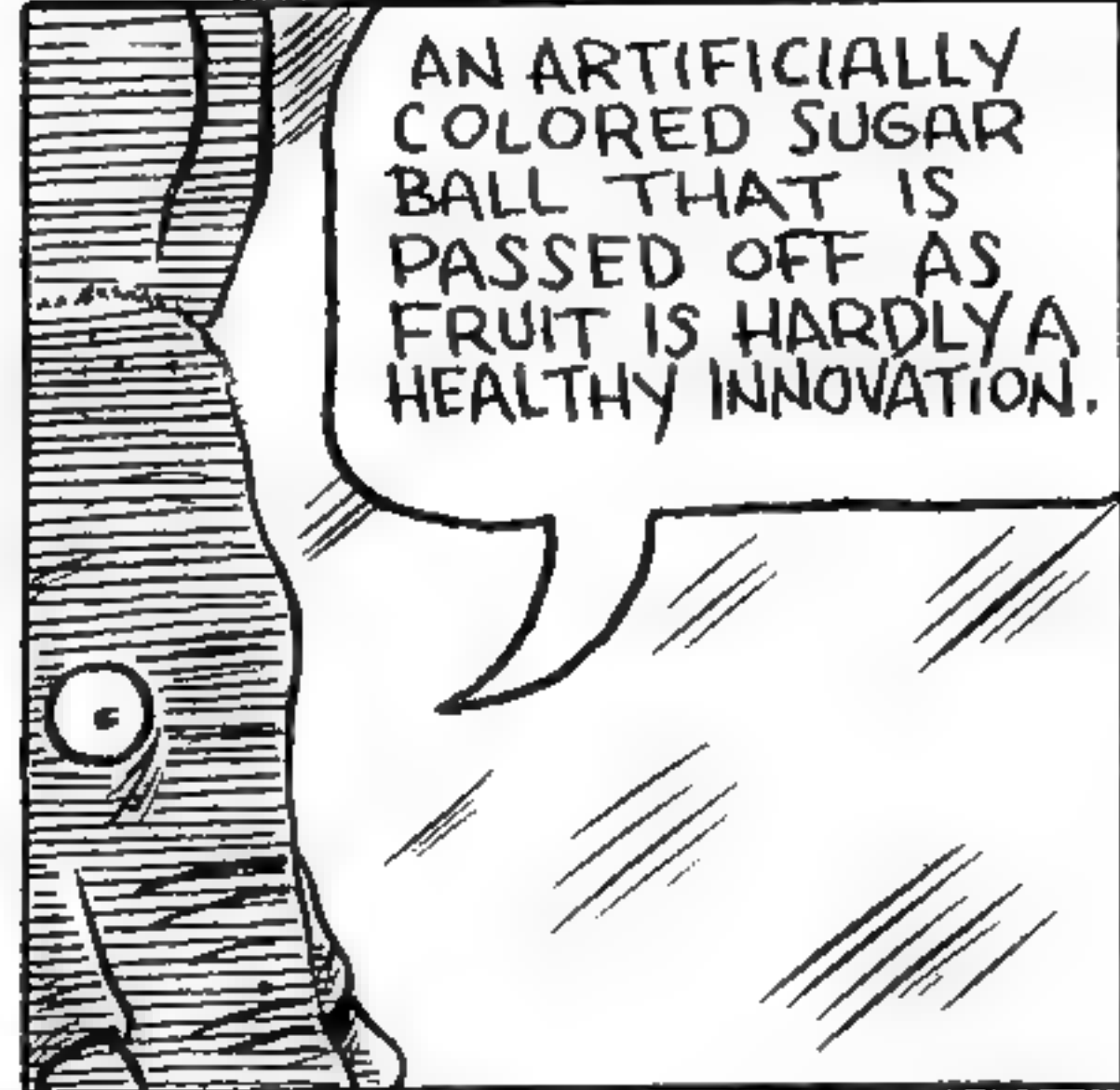
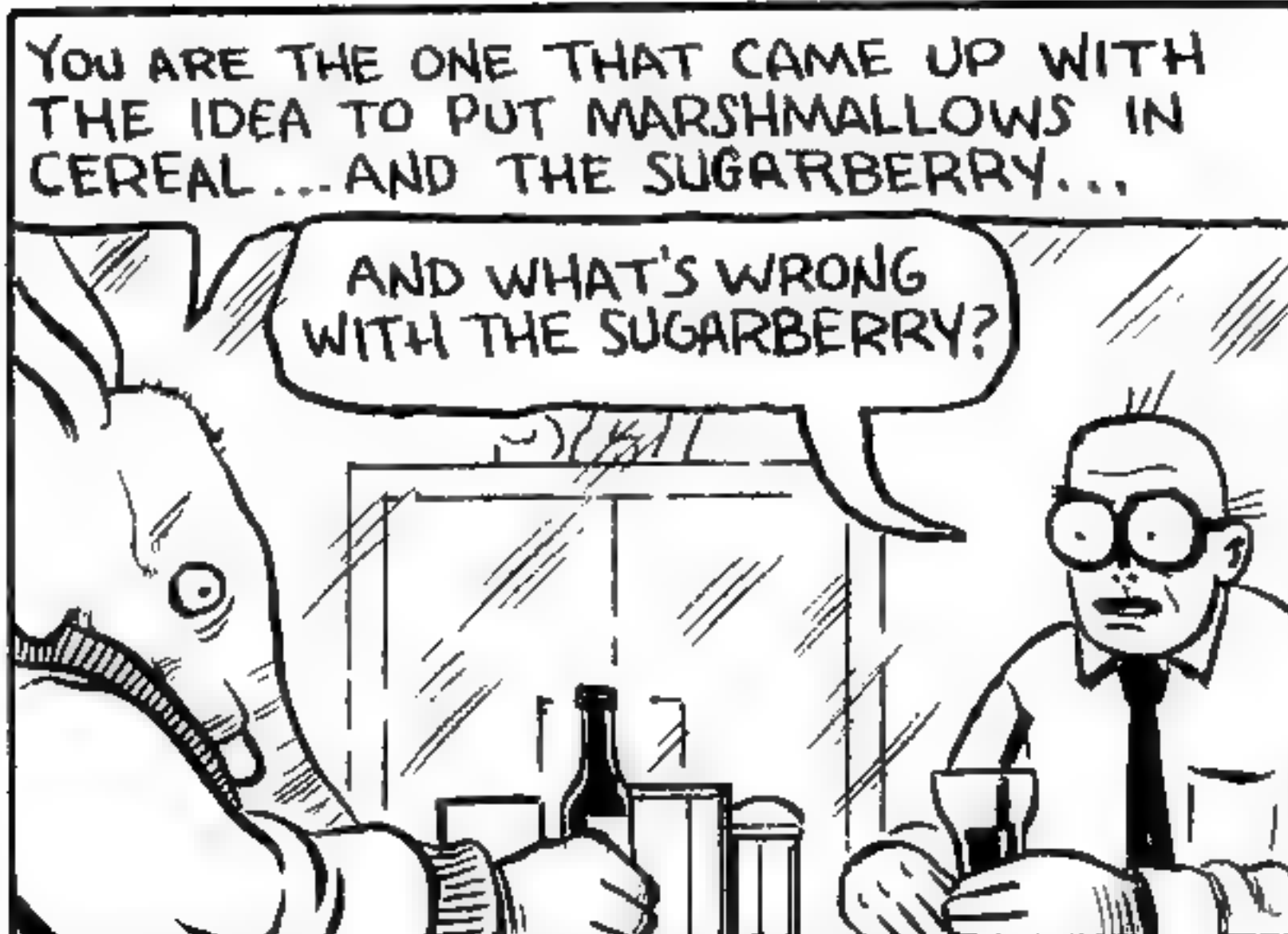


SINCE YOU WORKED WITH HIM, I WAS HOPING YOU COULD GIVE ME A LEAD...



ISN'T A HEALTH FOOD CEREAL QUITE A STRETCH FOR YOU?

AND WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?





MORE THAN LIKELY, I WOULD HAVE FORGOTTEN THE SCARECROW, EXCEPT FOR ONE STRANGE EVENING I WAS STUCK DOING INVENTORY...





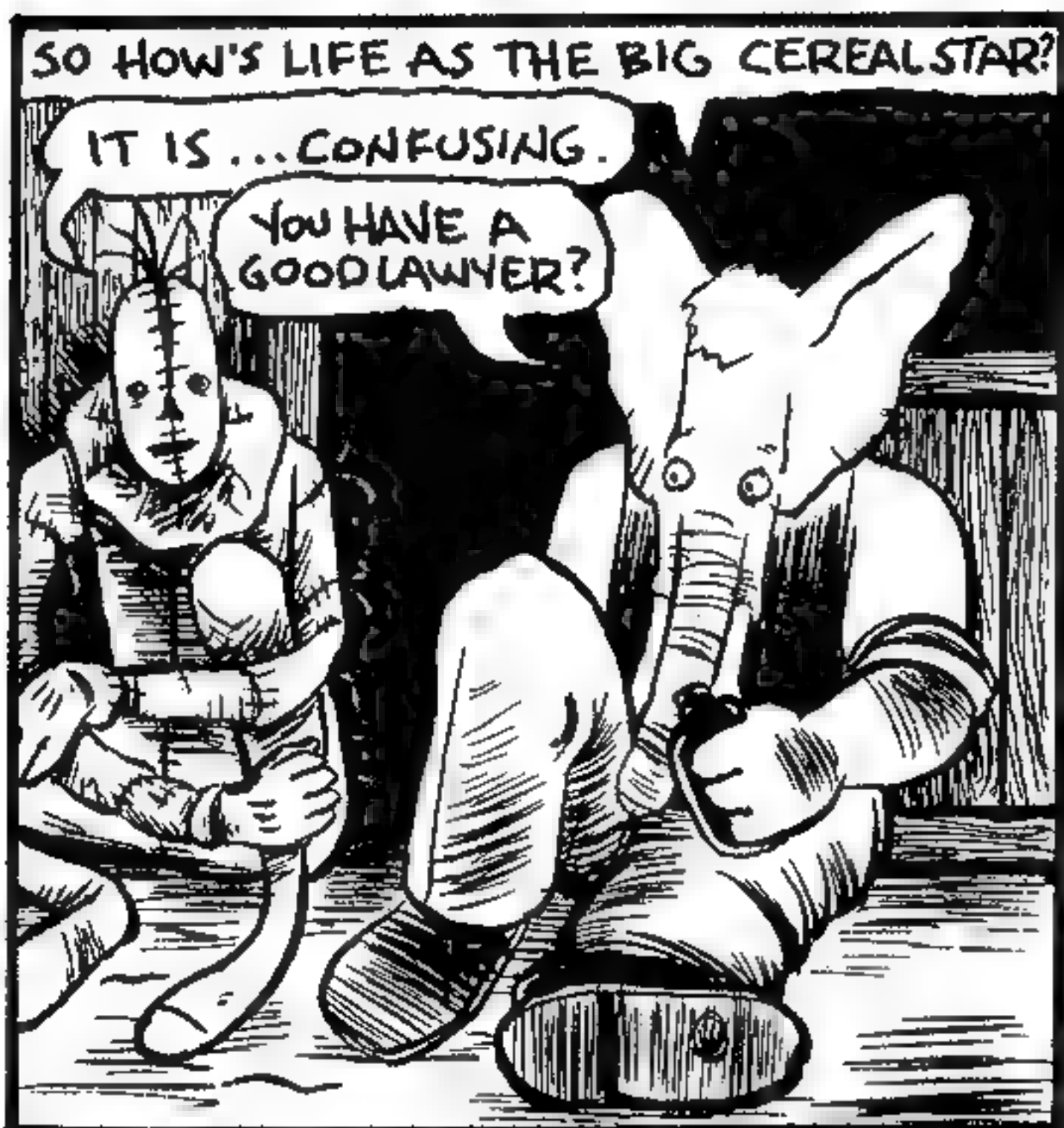
I WAS SURPRISED HOW STRONG HE WAS FOR SUCH A SCRAWNY FELLA..



THE PEOPLE WHO MADE IT ONTO THE BOXES ENJOYED A PRIVILEGED STATUS. FOR HIM TO VOLUNTEER FOR SUCH A MENIAL TASK WAS SURPRISING.



WE FINISHED AT FOUR IN THE MORNING AND WERE EXHAUSTED.



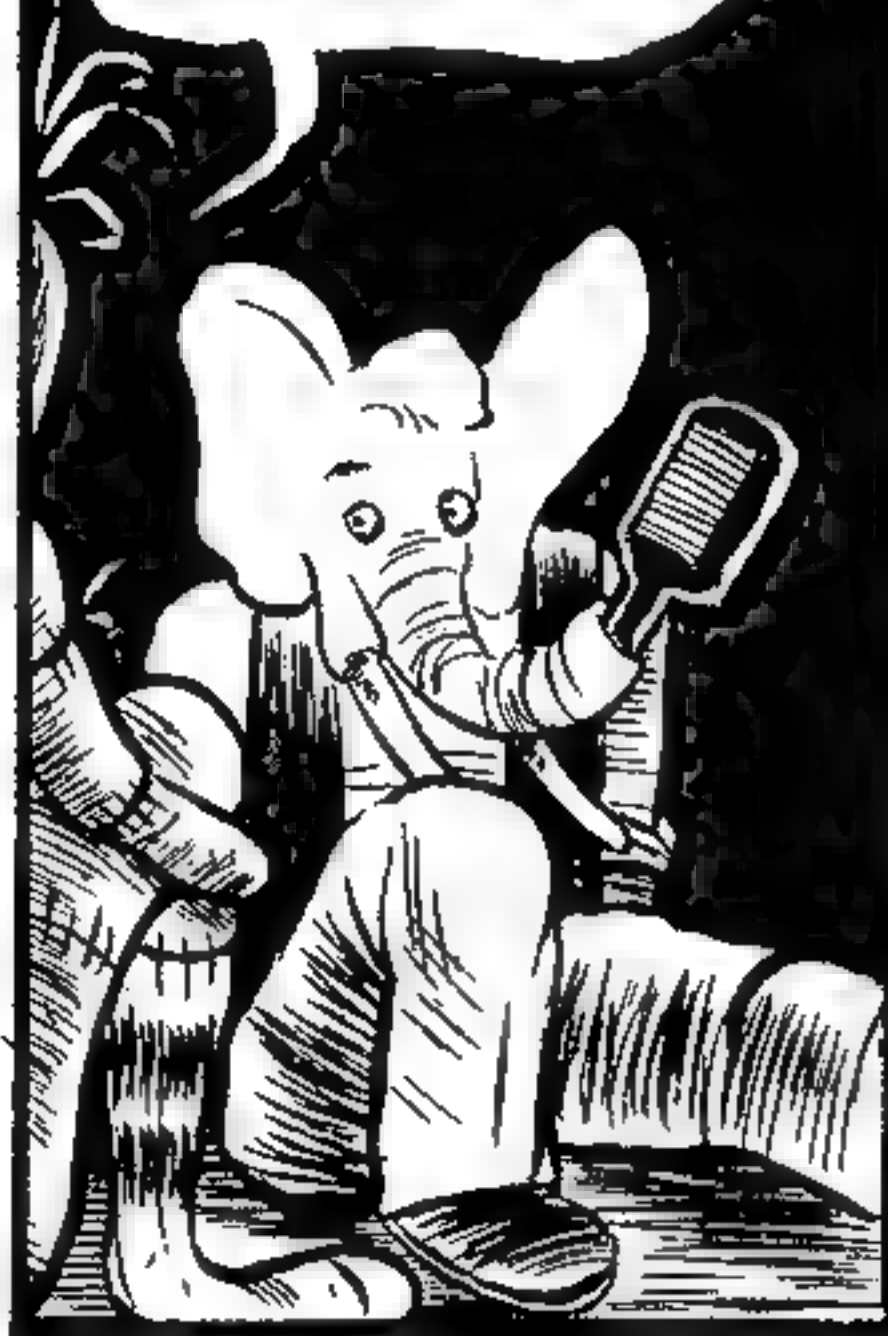
THEY FORGET AND IGNORE
THE MOST OBVIOUS -
INSTEAD OF GODS THEY FILL
THEIR MINDS WITH TRASH.



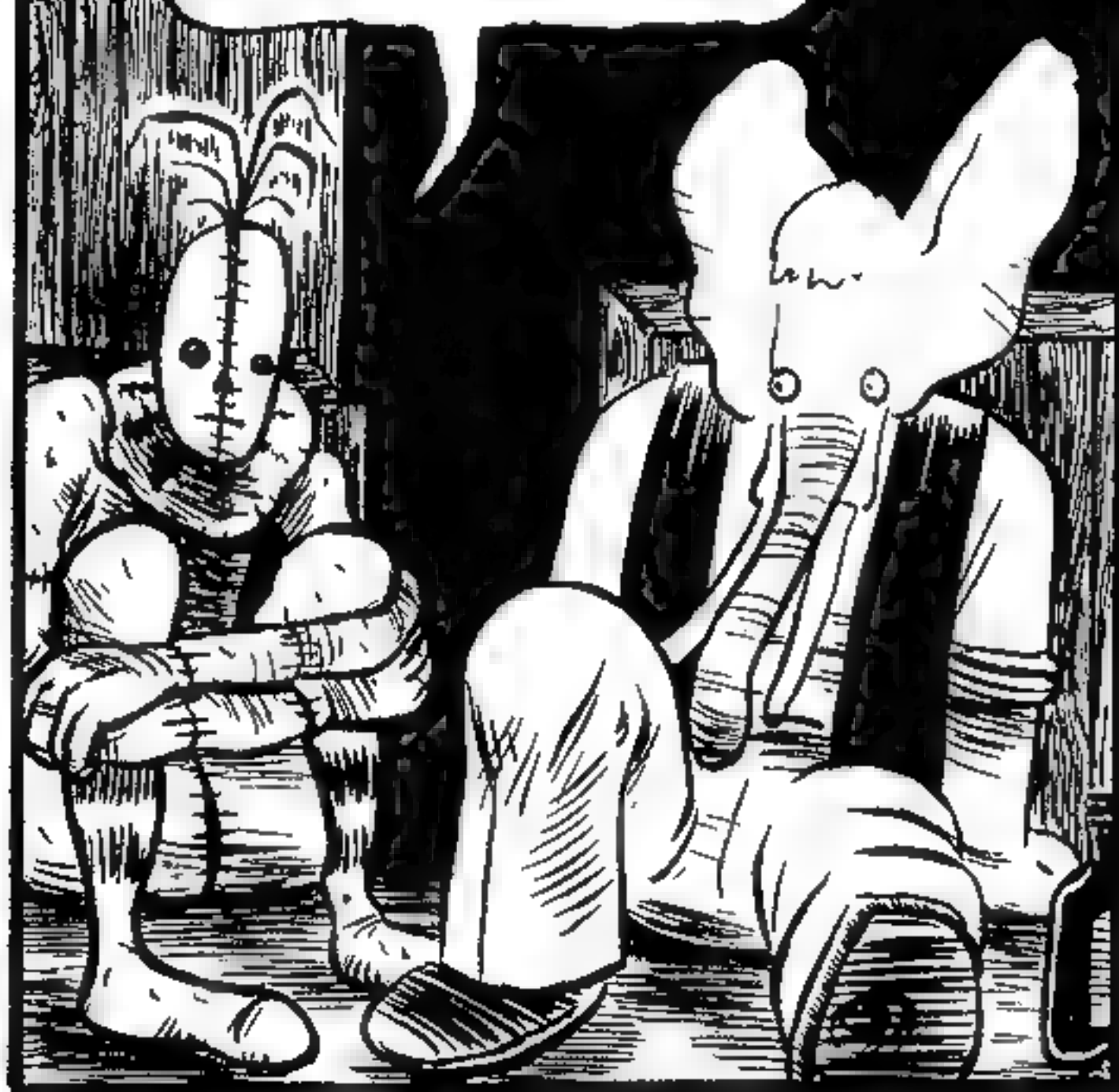
GODS DO NOT ENTICE,
THEY HAVE THEIR
BEING AND NOTHING ELSE,



AN OVERFLOW
OF BEING.



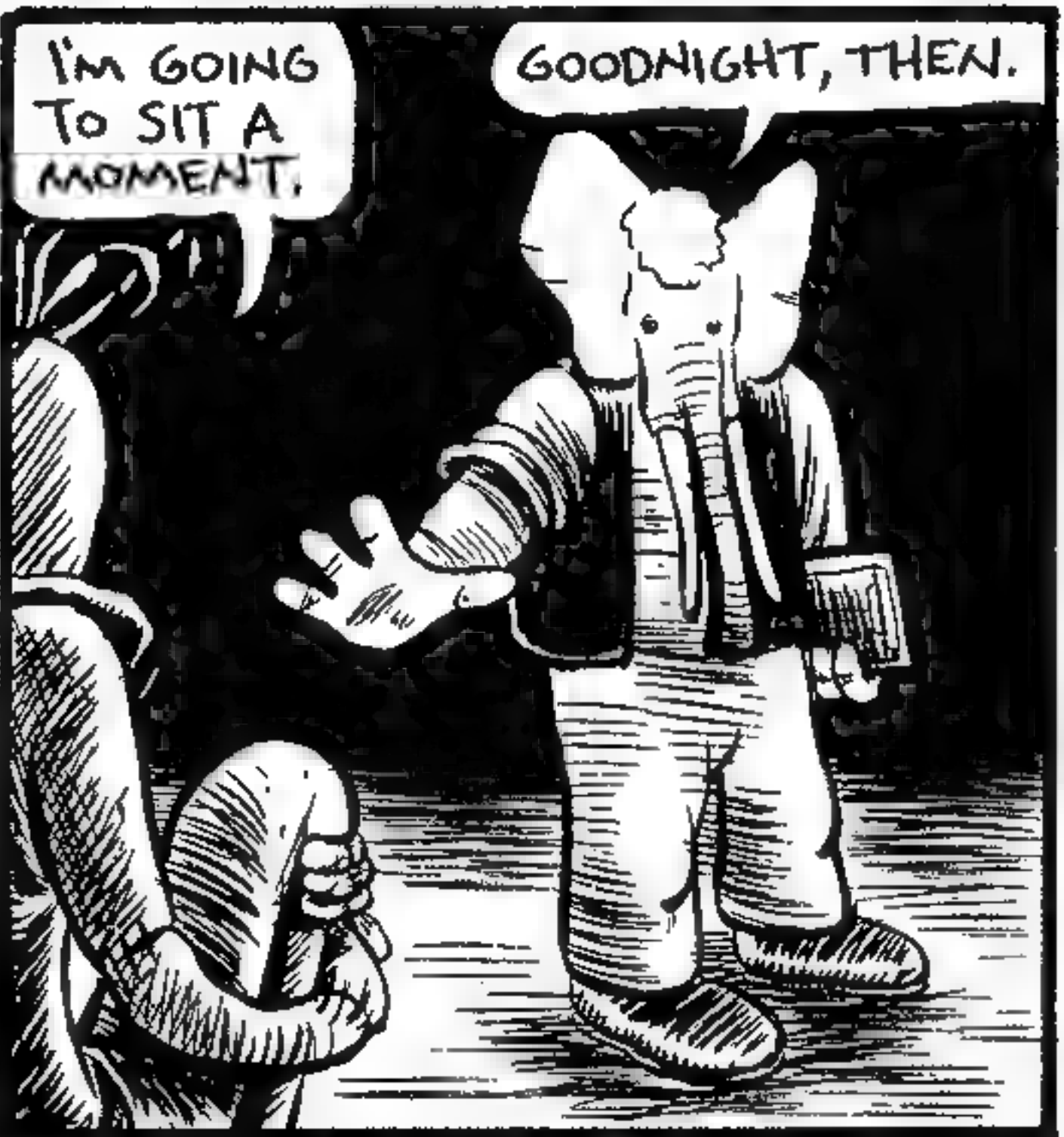
I TOO, NOW FIND
MYSELF FORGETFUL.



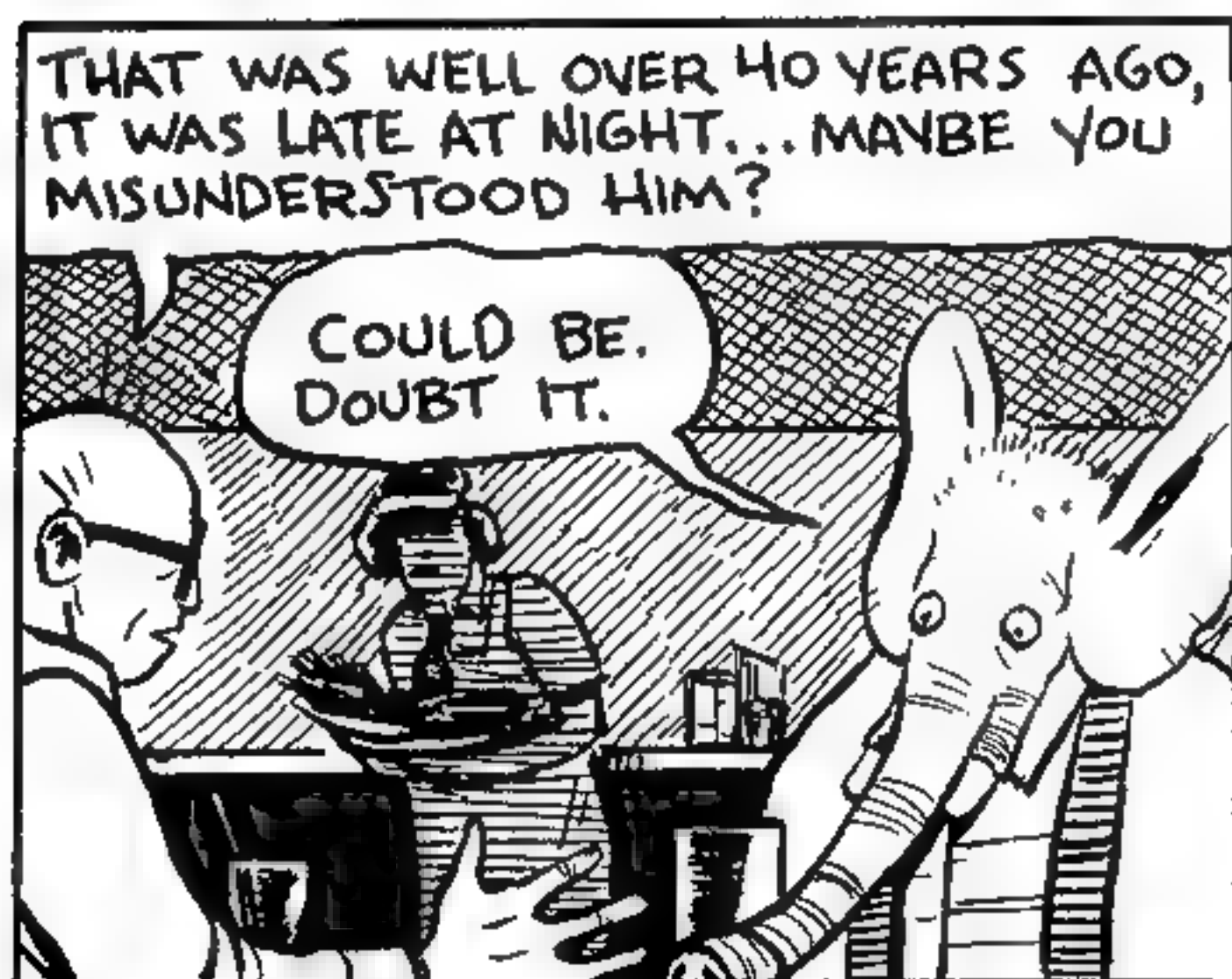
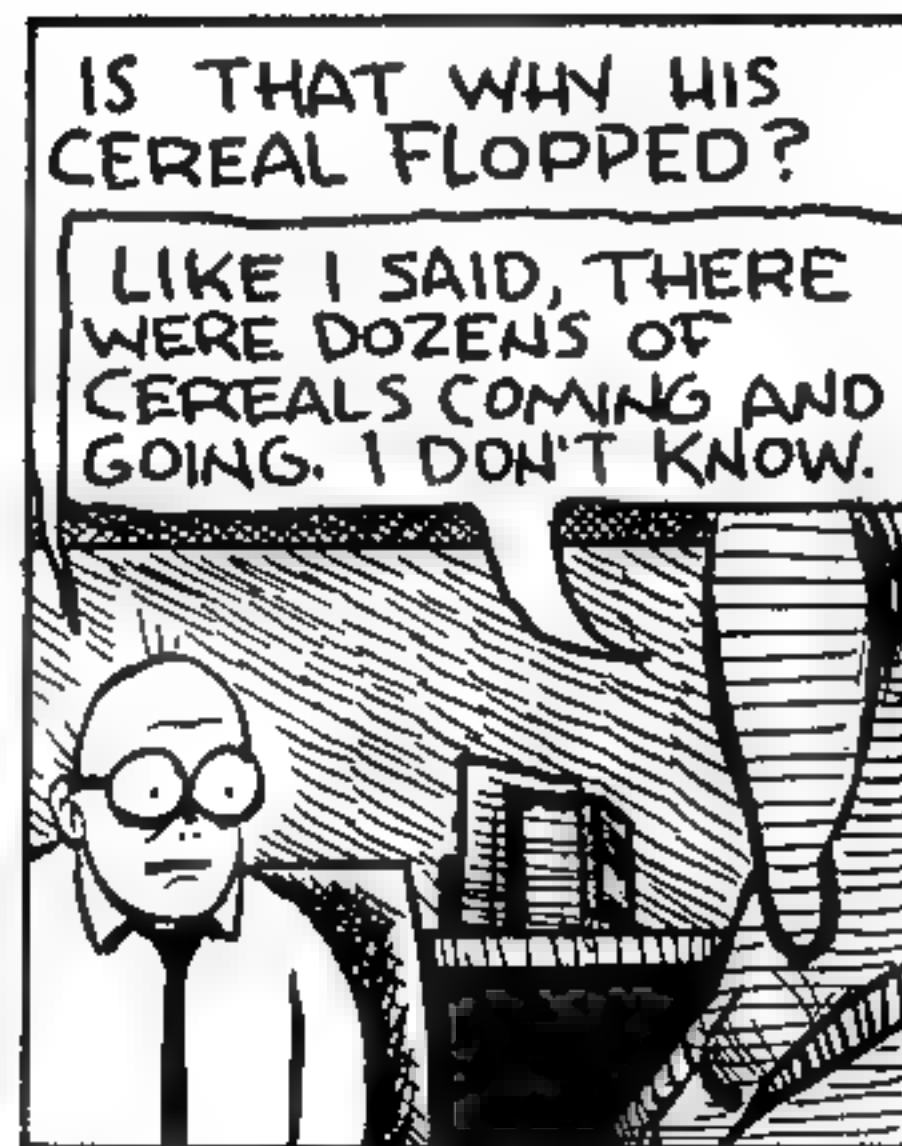
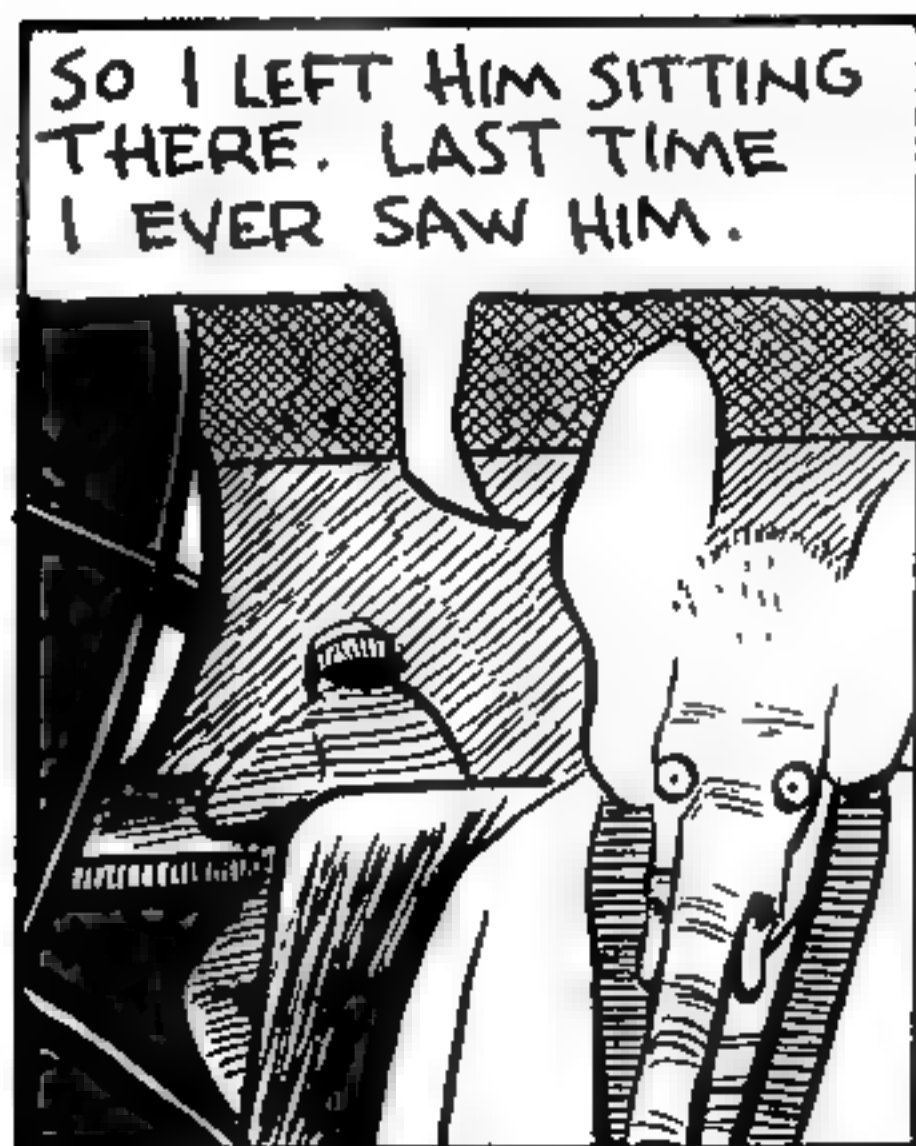
...UM...WELL...TIME TO HEAD HOME
FOR SOME SHUT EYE. YOU COMING?



I'M GOING
TO SIT A
MOMENT.



GOODNIGHT, THEN.



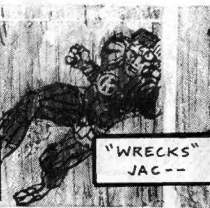
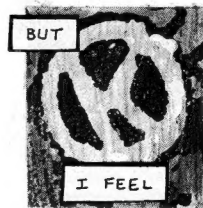
MY NAME'S
REX JACOBY.

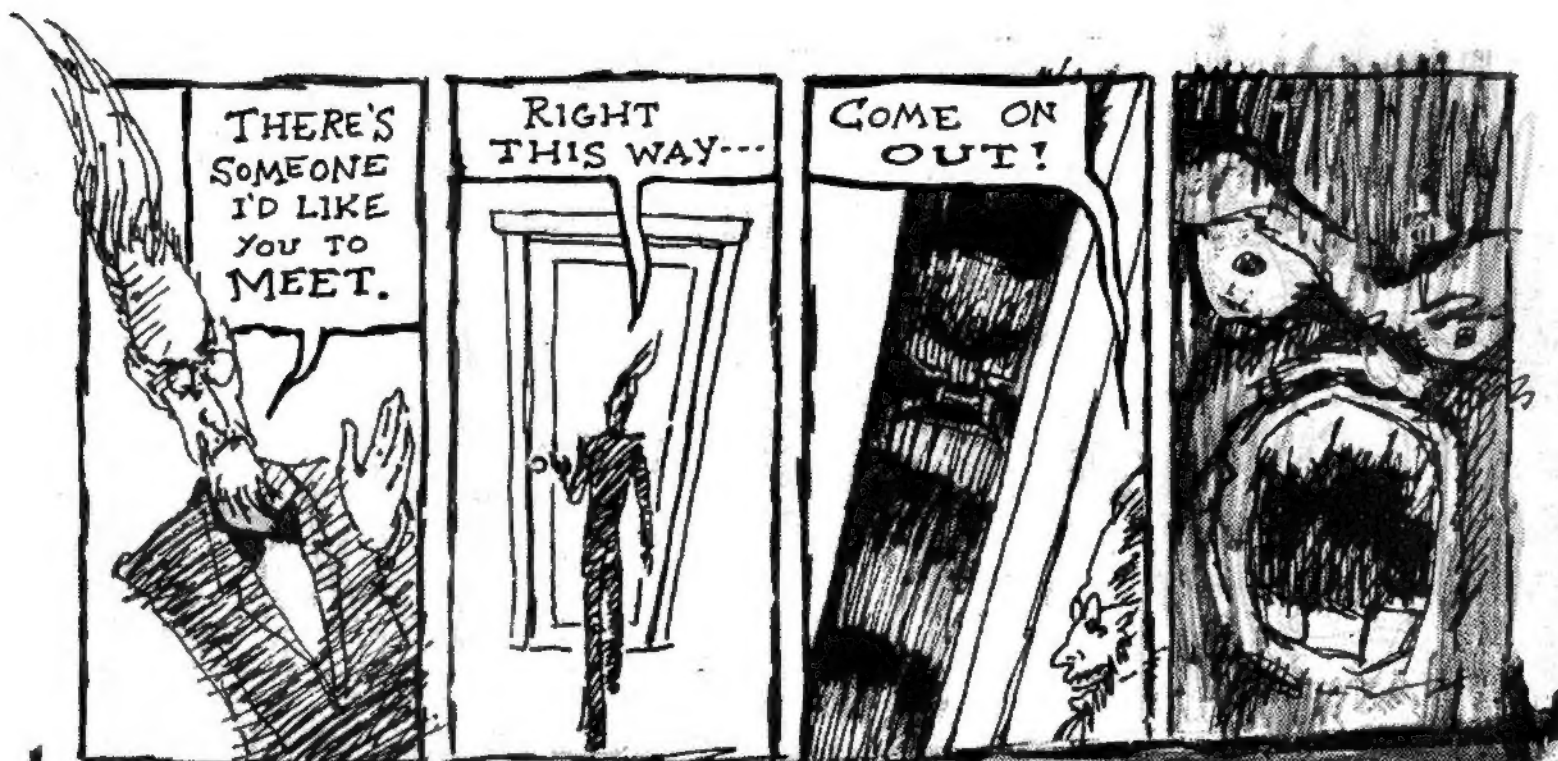
ONCE UPON A TIME
I LED THE
KOSMIC KOMMANDOS
THROUGH HUNDREDS
OF SUCCESSFUL
MISSIONS.

AND THEN I LED
THEM ALL TO
THEIR DOOM.

EDIBLE WRECKS

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THERE'S
SOMEONE
I'D LIKE
YOU TO
MEET.

RIGHT
THIS WAY---

COME ON
OUT!

MAYBE I CAN REASON WITH THE BEAST--

OW.

HEAVENS!
THAT'S
NOT
WHO I
MEANT!

HERE
HE
IS--

W-WHO--?

OH NO--

HAW HAW
HAW!

OW.

NUTRITIONAL INFORMATION

PLEASE ADDRESS ALL CORRESPONDENCE TO JAMES STURM, 4039 LATONA AVE. NE, SEATTLE, WA 98105

If you recall, in the first issue of the *Cereal Killings*, I printed a heroic adventure story, featuring Rex Jacoby and his crew, the Cosmic Kommandos. The creator of Rex, Rip Robuck, has inspired countless cartoonists, myself being just one among them. Another, it seems, is the great R. Sienkoriewak. Starting out as a mere Neal Adams clone, R. Sienkoriewak has since come into his own, bringing comic art to new illustrative heights. Currently, R. Sienkoriewak is working on an ambitious project, an ode to Rip Robuck and his offspring, Rex, that's projected to be over a thousand pages long and is tentatively titled "Stray Tangents." Each week fifty pages are sent, as an ongoing submission, to *RAW* magazine. The associate editor of *RAW* forwarded the submission to me, knowing I'd be interested. R. Sienkoriewak generously has allowed me to print, for the first time anywhere, this poetic four-page excerpt, "Edible Wrecks." I hope you enjoy it.



THE
SPECIAL
K

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